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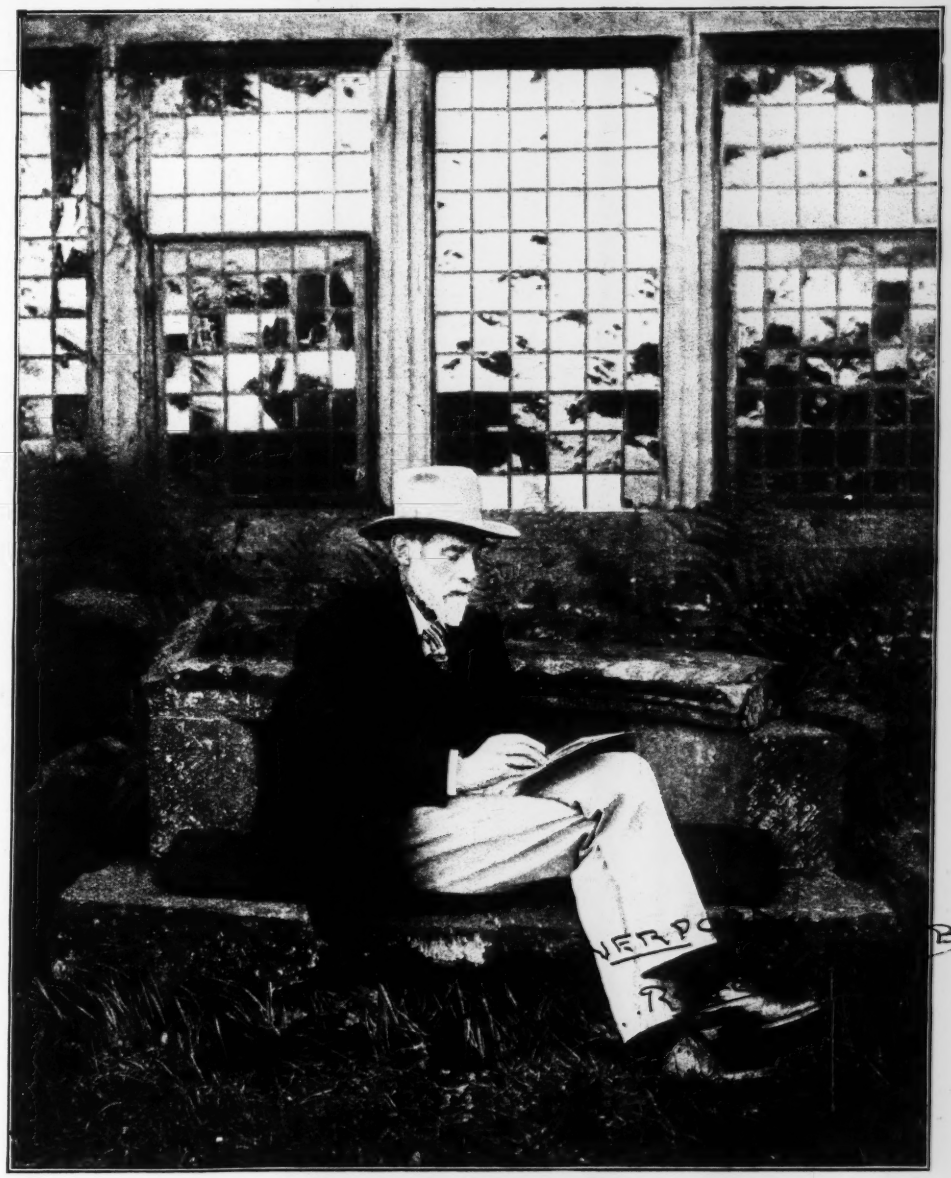

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of Mr. Robert Bridges which is on our cover was taken in 1913.

"For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It tells something of the lives and personalities of forty-four such poets and reveals from their poems the ideal for which they fought, and the hope in which they died. The book will be illustrated with twenty portraits in photogravure. As war conditions make it necessary to limit the edition, orders should be placed for it without delay.

A very interesting Christmas book which Mr. Heinemann has in hand is "Springtime of Life," the poems of childhood by Swinburne, illustrated by Arthur Rackham. The book will be arranged and edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Swinburne always wished that his poems about children should be brought together and had intended doing this himself, but was never able to find an artist who satisfied him as an illustrator.

Mr. Heinemann is also publishing this autumn the Letters of Swinburne, in two volumes, edited by Mr. Gosse. These letters, now first published, cover the whole of Swinburne's life from 1858 to 1909.

Arnold Bennett's new play, "The Title," which has been successfully produced at the Royalty Theatre, will be published in book form this month by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

"The Far East Unveiled," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing, contains a rather startling account of Mr. Frederick Coleman's recent visit to Japan and the opinions he formed of what he saw and heard during his tour.

Robert J. C. Stead, whose book of war verse, "Why Don't They Cheer?" is meeting with considerable success here and in Canada, has completed a new novel, "The Cow Puncher," which is now appearing serially and will be published in book form this autumn here and in Canada, where the Musson Book Co. are to issue a first edition of ten thousand, a testimony to Robert Stead's rapidly increasing vogue.

XUM

Mr. Draycott Dell.

A romance of the French Revolution, "The Veiled Lady," by May Wynne and Draycott M. Dell, just published by Messrs. Jarrold, takes its title from the fancy name which the Revolutionaries gave to the guillotine. Miss Wynne has long been known as a popular writer of historical romances, and Mr. Dell proved his capacity in the clever adaptation of Ibsen's "Ghosts," which the same firm published a few months ago.

Corporal Ward Muir's humorous, sympathetic stories of his R.A.M.C. experiences, "Observations of an Orderly," have found so much favour with the public that Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. have reissued the book in a cheap edition.

"The English Home, from Charles I. to George IV.," by J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A., will be published shortly by Messrs. Batsford. It treats of houses, interior decorations, garden design, etc., and will be fully illustrated.

"Living Water," by Harold Begbie, which Messrs. Headley Bros. have in the press, is a book which shows how working men in various parts of industrial England are striving to get themselves efficiently educated, and with what heroic self-denial many of them have achieved that end. It includes a conversation with Lord Leverhulme on Guild Socialism.

Captain C. E. Montague, who was formerly chief leader writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, and won distinction as a novelist with "A Mind Let Loose" and "The Morning's War," is now on active service in France and has written "Notes from the Calais Base," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. He gives an account of the training in France, the care of the wounded, the Army's petrol supply and of how 2,800 boots a day are mended at the military cobbler's shop, all of which is also illustrated with photographs. Captain Montague enlisted as a private in 1914, and had been promoted sergeant before he received his commission.

Messrs. Constable are publishing a new edition of "The Making of an Englishman," by W. L. George, for which the author has written a special preface.

"The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" has just been published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson (10s. 6d. net). The book contains a few additional poems, a full Memoir, with extracts from hitherto unpublished letters, and two portraits.

Mr. Stephen Wheeler sends us the following interesting note:

A notable letter in which Ruskin made notable remarks about Landor was printed the other day in the *Sphere*, but a commentary would have been useful. It may be worth while to explain what had ruffled Ruskin's equanimity. A magazine article on poetic prose was sent to him by the writer with a request for permission to quote from his works more fully. Ruskin gave his consent, but intimated

Photo by J. Soame, Oxford. **Lieut. Geoffrey Bache Smith,** recently killed in action, in France. A collection of his poems, "A Spring Harvest," has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Mrs. Will Gordon, F.R.G.S.,
whose "Roumania Yesterday and To-day" Mr. John Lane is publishing.

somewhat acrimoniously that he hated being "bunched up" with Poe, Landor, and Lamb. He added: "the two bits you have quoted from Landor are totally empty stuff." C. K. S., who included the letter in his weekly *causerie*, omitted to say what the two bits were, so I will give the missing reference. One of them was a passage in the imaginary conversation where Æsop, speaking to Rhodope, says:

"Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late. . . . There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodope! that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

The other bit of totally empty stuff will be found in Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia" where Cleone of Miletus, writing to her friend in Athens, indulged in the following reflections:

"There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface: the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

That Ruskin should have rated these passages as empty stuff may be a disagreeable surprise to some of his admirers. Nor would he show up better if we assume that he had taken umbrage on finding himself named along with De Quincey and Poe as pre-eminent, *after* Landor, among writers of poetic prose. It was in *Macmillan's Magazine* for October, 1886, that he was so classed.

A new novel by Miss Marie Corelli will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Hamilton Drummond, whose new historical novel, "The Great Game" (Stanley Paul), is reviewed in this Number, has quitted his retirement in the Channel Islands and settled down again in England. He began his career, some years back, in the orthodox way by publishing two volumes of verse, and though they did not carry him to fame he says he found the writing of them an excellent schooling in the use of language and the value of the exact word. In 1896 he wrote his first novel, "Gobelin Grange," which was published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, and he has followed this with over a dozen of others, which have given him a place among the most popular of our historical romancists. "The Great Game" has an historical setting, and is a novel both of character and incident, for Mr. Drummond does not agree with a recent critic that the weakness of the historical romance is that it is not concerned with character; he agrees with him that incident must be its leading interest, but sees no reason why character and incident should not run in double harness. He has finished a new novel, which Mr. Stanley Paul will publish shortly, in which the Emperor Frederick II. figures again but at a later period of his life than was covered by Mr. Drummond's earlier story of him, "Greater than the Greatest."

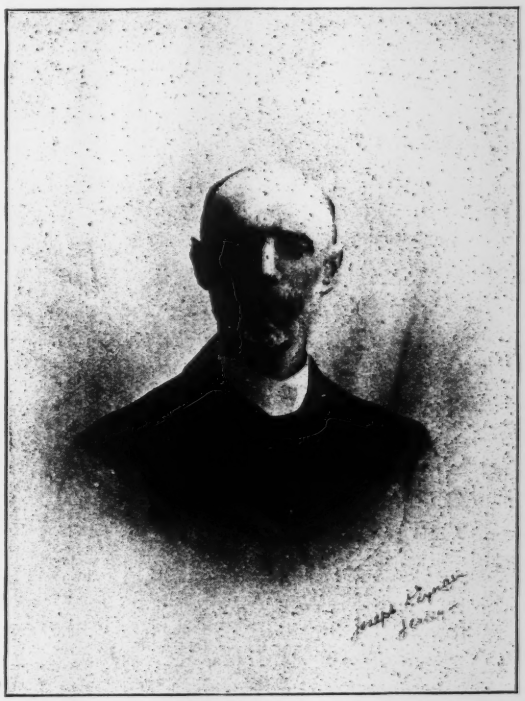

Photo by Joseph D. Tynan, Jersey.
Mr. Hamilton Drummond.

WAR BOOKS.

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"War the Liberator, and Other Pieces." By E. A. Mackintosh, M.C. 5s. net. (John Lane.) Lieutenant Mackintosh's first book of poems, "A Highland Regiment," showed him to be a poet of real imagination and emotional appeal. He has recently fallen in action, and this posthumous volume fulfils something of the promise of its forerunner. He puts no gloss on the tragically terrible facts of war, and the poignancy and beauty of his lyrics is in their pride and joy of the honour and heroism of his comrades, their and his own ready sacrifice of self to a great cause, and the love they bear each other. He was wounded and invalided home and might have remained here training fresh troops, but he felt that to do so was not loyal to the men who had died, nor to the living who were still enduring danger and hardship while he was safe and in comfort.

"The dead men's voices are calling, calling,
And I must rise and go,"

he writes in "From Home," which dates from Cambridge during his convalescence, and he could not be satisfied till he had gone back to his place in the battle line. The poem written a month before he was killed and addressed "To Sylvia," to whom he became engaged while he was here recovering from his wounds, reveals the man himself, and in its noble simplicity and poignancy of feeling is scarcely surpassed by any poetry of the war:

"God knows—my dear—I did not want
To rise and leave you so,
But the dead men's hands were beckoning,
And I knew that I must go. . . .

"But you'll forgive me yet, dear,
Because of what you know;
I can look my dead friends in the face
As I couldn't two months ago."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Fergus Hume,**
whose two new novels, "Heart of Ice" (Hurst & Blackett) and "The Black Image" (Ward, Lock), were reviewed in our July Number.

"Yellow English." By Dorota Flatau. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.) An ably written sensational story of the danger of allowing the naturalised German to live freely amongst us and wield subtle influence in high places. It might seem extravagantly melodramatic but for recent revelations of enemy-alien intrigue as outrageous as anything in fiction.

"Three Aspects of the Russian Revolution." By Emile Vandervelde. Translated by Jean E. H. Findlay. 5s. net. (Allen and Unwin.) Recently M. Vandervelde went on a mission into Russia from the Belgian Labour Party to interview the leaders of the Revolution and study the political, military and industrial state of the country under the new order. This record of his visit, of what he saw and learned there and the opinions he formed is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the new Russia that is evolving out of chaos. He has faith in Russia, and makes it clear that he believes she will yet play an important part in the reconstruction of Europe.

"The Destroyers, and Other Stories of the Royal Navy." By Henry Erskine South. 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.) These tales by a Fleet Surgeon of what the Navy is doing at sea and, in secret service, on shore, make capital reading. There is plenty of adventure and of thrilling incident in them, and the espionage yarn at the end is leavened with a pleasant love idyll.

"Last Songs." By Francis Ledwidge. With an Introduction by Lord Dunsany. 3s. 6d. net.

(Herbert Jenkins.) We have lost no greater poet in the war than Francis Ledwidge. Two of his three volumes have appeared since 1914, and there is nothing more martial in them than the close of the "Soliloquy" in the new book:

> "It is too late now to retrieve
> A fallen dream, too late to grieve
> A name unmade, but not too late
> To thank the gods for what is great;
> A keen-edged sword, a soldier's heart
> Is greater than a poet's art,
> And greater than a poet's fame
> A little grave without a name."

He took his memories of Ireland with him through all his campaigning and found his inspiration in these. His tenderest thoughts, his happiest fancies, are in "The Lanawn Shee," in "Home," and others written in Belgium; in "Spring" and "With Flowers," written in France; for always, as he says in "In France,"

> "Whatever way I turn I find
> The path is old unto me still.
> The hills of home are in my mind
> And there I wander as I will."

Lord Dunsany says rightly, "He has left behind him verses of great beauty, simple rural lyrics that may be something of an anodyne for this stricken age."

"Poems." By William Ambrose Short, C.M.G. 2s. net. (A. L. Humphreys.) Lieut.-Colonel Short was killed in action in France last year, and this collection of his poems was worth making not only in honour of his memory but for their own sakes. There is sometimes a sombre touch but always a sturdy, soldierly courage in his war verse, and often a delightfully whimsical humour. Perhaps one lingers most over the tender, lightly fanciful series to his wife, and the three charmingly playful poems to his baby daughter on her birthdays, the second of which—

"My little lady, now that you are Two"—

was written in an interval of fighting on the Retreat from Mons. It is a little book of a brave and gracious spirit and one is glad to possess it.

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN
ARTIST—POTTER—INVENTOR—NOVELIST
BORN 16th NOVEMBER 1839 DIED 15th JANUARY 1917
WHO DID MUCH OF HIS BEST WORK IN CHEYNE-ROW, THE VALE AND CHURCH ST CHELSEA—WHERE HE DIED
Recreating in Ceramic Work upon his own rigorous designs the colour of the Persian & the lustre of the great Umbrian craftsmen,
Enriching literature by his faithful & sympathetic presentment of homely & very human character,
And beloved by all who knew his breadth of intellectual interest, his catholic sympathy, genial humour & limpid wit,
THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED BY SOME OF HIS CHELSEA AND PERSONAL FRIENDS

Tablet to the Memory of William De Morgan,
fixed on the north wall of the old church, Chelsea, July 11th, 1918.

Mrs. Edith Wherry,
whose delightful Chinese romance, "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills" (John Lane), has just gone into another edition.

"Dawn in Palestine." By William Canton. With a Preface by Lord Bryce. 1s. 3d. net. (S.P.C.K.) A concise and admirably-written history of the Bible Land in which the interest of all Christendom has been reawakened since the British Army entered into Jerusalem and freed it from the horrors of Turkish misrule. In addition to giving the story of the country, it describes the geography and physical features of Palestine, and gives an account of the very mixed races that at present inhabit it. The book is illustrated with some excellent photographs.

"Government and the War." By Spenser Wilkinson. 6s. net. (Murray.) Mr. Wilkinson, who is Chichele Professor of Military History at Oxford, is admittedly one of the greatest living authorities on the science of war, and if his study of what has been done and left undone by successive British Governments, before and since the present world-struggle, is distinctly disquieting, it should have the tonic effect of bracing us to look the facts in the face and see where we stand and what, in certain eventualities, is likely to be before us in the near future. It is not for the inexpert to dispute Mr. Wilkinson's pessimistic conclusions; thoughtful men would do well to make acquaintance with them, and one hopes they will receive due consideration in official quarters.

The September BOOKMAN will contain a special article entitled "With R. L. S. through the Land of War," by J. A. Hammerton, illustrated with a number of interesting photographs.

THE READER.

ROBERT BRIDGES AND THE POETIC ART.

By Laurence Binyon.

AN artist writing on his art is always interesting. He speaks with an authority to which no mere critic can lay claim. Whatever the Poet Laureate has to say about poetry must therefore engage our interest and attention; for very few of our poets have been more learned in their art.

"The Necessity of Poetry" is the title Mr. Bridges gives to an address read to a Welsh audience of working men. It is full of pregnant matter, such as could hardly come fully home to any audience at a single hearing. It is well that it should be printed, for it repays leisurely and careful reading.

Shelley wrote a "Necessity of Atheism" and a "Defence of Poetry." The first is said to have been a dry argument, the second is eloquent and impassioned. Mr. Bridges is more cordially persuaded of the human need for poetry than Shelley in his raw dogmatic youth could have been of the need for atheism; but he abstains from Shelley's flowing eloquence in vindication and praise of poetry and its function in the world; he aims rather at plain statement, but he cannot help saying fresh and illuminating things by the way.

Photo by Hollyer.

Robert Bridges in 1888, *æt.* 44.

In England poetry is not commonly thought of as an art but rather as a sort of spontaneous ebullition of emotion, with something of an implicit antithesis between art and inspiration. It is true that a great artist like Milton can keep unfailing his noble style even when his matter is not inspiring, while a poet like Wordsworth, when he is not inspired, falls to prosy earth. Yet the greatest art has most of inspiration, as we readily recognise in the case of music and painting; an inspiration which animates and shapes the entire work. And Wordsworth is not a greater poet for being unsure and intermittent in his art, which fails him when his inspiration also fails. I fancy that English people, and people of Northern race in general, are apt to believe that a poet like Horace, whose art seems everything, would have been less of an artist if he had been more of a poet. I do not think this is true. But it is certainly true that a poet of this type, congenial to the traditions of the Latin races, can be a wonderful artist without having much of what is commonly associated with the poetic spirit; and the above-mentioned antithesis has this much of justification.

In the very interesting memoir of his school-friend Dolben, a young poet who died on the threshold of manhood, Mr. Bridges has told us how he first approached poetry. While Dolben regarded poetry from the emotional he regarded it from the artistic side. His friend liked poetry on account of the power it had of exciting his valued emotions. "What had led me to poetry was the inexhaustible satisfaction of form, the magic of speech, lying as it seemed to me in the masterly control of the material; it was an art which I hoped to learn. An instinctive rightness was essential; but, given that, I did not suppose that the poet's emotions were in any way better than mine, nor mine than another's. . . . I think that Dolben imagined poetic form to be the naïve outcome of peculiar personal emotion. . . . There is a point in art where these two ways merge and unite, but in apprenticehood they are opposite approaches." Mr. Bridges has never ceased to regard poetry as an art, and long ago won the mastery he hoped for as a boy. The "peculiar personal emotion" is not lacking in his verse; but he does not rely for inspiration on the intensity of emotion, and of facile or uncontrolled emotion he has, we feel, a proud disdain. These characteristics may explain why Mr. Bridges is not a "popular" poet. The emotions he expresses are such as only finely organised natures can feel with; and his art is so delicate, so abhorrent of easy effectiveness or vehement emphasis—all that is commonly called "striking"—that its felicity and resource pass unperceived by many readers. None the less, every year adds to the number of those who find themselves turning again to the Shorter Poems with a pleasure that is ever fresh. The secret of the charm of Mr. Bridges' lyrics may seem difficult to explain; there is an elusive simplicity about them; but we come to love them, as we love some English garden that we know, or some corner of English country;

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Yattendon Manor House,
the home of Mr. Robert Bridges from 1882 to 1902.

they do not force their beauties on our notice, they have a kind of shyness; but they yield an intimate delight, which, once found, is lasting. A perfect sincerity is matched by an exquisite truth and precision. And behind a certain austerity of manner we come to feel a deep reality of feeling. No English poet has given in his verse so true a taste of English country, its greys and greens, its silvery horizons, its rich quiet, its lanes and flowers, above all its trees and singing birds; none has noted so unerringly the features of its seasons.

In some of his later poems Mr. Bridges gives us glimpses of his boyhood, at Walmer on the Kentish coast. In one he describes the summer-house from which he used to watch through a telescope the shipping in the roads; and how one noon in March Napier's fleet came on its way to the Baltic (it was the time of the Crimean War).

> "Cloudless the sky and calm and blue the sea
> As round Saint Margaret's cliff mysteriously
> Those murderous queens walking in Sabbath sleep
> Glided in line upon the windless deep;"

And again of the Duke of Wellington, "whose white hairs in this my earliest scene had scarce more honoured than accustomed been,"

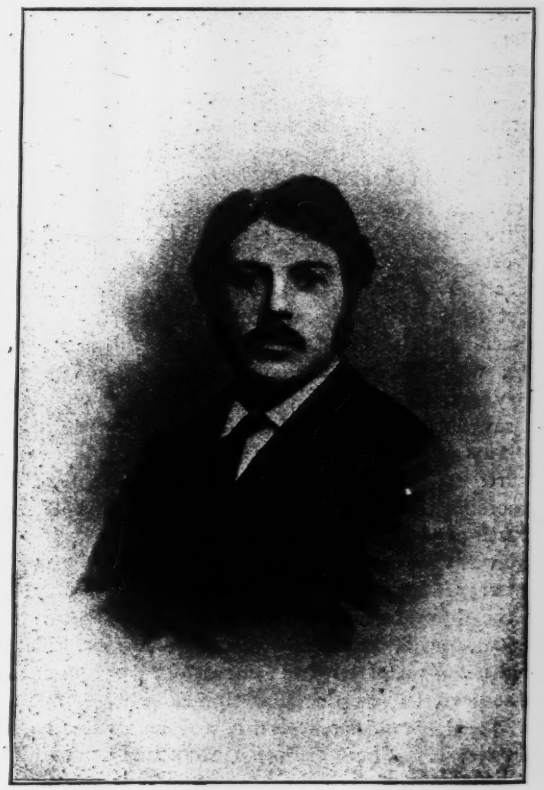
> "I had seen his castle-flag to fall half-mast
> One morn as I sat looking on the sea,
> When thus all England's grief came first to me
> Who hold my childhood favoured that I knew
> So well the face that won at Waterloo."

In one of the Shorter Poems there is another reminiscence, tinged with a sort of mystical feeling not often found in the poet's verse.

> "By such a stony breaking beach
> My childhood chanced and chose to be,
> 'Twas here I played and musing made
> My friend the melancholy sea.
> He from his dim enchanted caves
> With shuddering roar and onrush wild
> Fell down in sacrificial waves
> At feet of his exulting child."

And in this latest pamphlet Mr. Bridges tells us of the singular fascination which music and musical instruments had for him as a boy. Unlike many poets, he has not only a passion for music but a learned understanding of musical art. The memoir of Dolben, from which I have quoted, tells of his days at Eton. At that time Tennyson was in his heyday of triumphant fame: but Mr. Bridges even then had a fine independence of judgment. He loved some of Tennyson's early lyrics, yet "when I heard 'The Idylls of the King' praised as if they were the final attainment of all poetry, then I drew into my shell." "I was abhorrent towards Ruskin," he tells us, and "as for Browning, I had no leanings towards him." At this time Mr. Bridges and some of his most intimate friends were strongly affected by the Oxford Movement: he grew out of his Puseyism, and read science, but a naturally religious temperament colours all his verse. At Oxford he was a noted figure among his contemporaries, but chiefly as a famous athlete: he stroked the Corpus boat and took it head of the river. After some fifteen years, in London, of the practice of medicine Mr. Bridges retired to the country.

> "Far sooner I would choose
> The life of brutes that bask
> Than set myself a task
> Which inborn powers refuse:
> And rather far enjoy
> The body, than invent
> A duty, to destroy
> The ease which nature sent;



Robert Bridges,
æt. 24.

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"And country life I praise
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart."

A kind of lordly indolence combines with fastidious independence in the poet's temperament. Yet there was nothing morose in this retirement. Few have sung so well of the happy hours; and this perhaps is rather resented by those who like to sorrow vicariously through their favourite poets.

Mr. Bridges married in 1884 the daughter of Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., the architect, and settled at Yattendon, a pleasant village among the Berkshire woods and downs. His house was the old manor house, with a garden whose "spicy pinks" are recalled to the memory of those who knew it in reading many of the poems, especially the beautiful "Garden in September." Here many a younger writer was invited to enjoy a kindly hospitality, which, with its talk and wine and music, made one think of Milton's sonnet inviting his friend to supper "in Attic taste" and music afterwards —warbling of "immortal notes and Tuscan air." For the Poet Laureate is a friend to aspiring youth, an encourager of adventure and experiment. He keeps a boyish elasticity; likes fun and hates pomposity. He has prejudices and aversions, and sometimes expresses perverse or eccentric opinions with which he is not loth to startle dull company. He is very English.

Of late years Mr. Bridges has lived on the wooded hills above Oxford, where he built himself a house overlooking the beautiful city in the valley. But during the war the house was accidentally burnt down. Mr. Bridges walked up from Oxford one afternoon to find his home in flames. He has borne the loss philosophically. Happily the music-room or library, built as a separate wing, was not destroyed. The house stood close to Chilswell Farm, by which the Scholar-Gipsy used to pass in climbing the hill from Nether Hinksey.

For some years Mr. Bridges' poems were issued from a private press, that of his friend Mr. Daniel, now Provost of Worcester, and were known to but a few. It was in 1890, the year of their first publication, that I first made the acquaintance of the Shorter Poems. I remember being captured by the subtle charm of the verse, which differed so entirely from the Victorian poetry and its continuators. It carried one back to the severer, simpler style of older poetry, yet had a new flavour of its own. Here was a poet who evoked pictures in the mind and who did not think it necessary to moralise them by some tagged reflection; they were to justify themselves by the mood their beauty created. That was refreshing. Those who craved for the urgent "message," for the vigour of rhetoric and epigram, or for the decorations of poetry, might find these lyrics tenuous, almost impalpable, in their matter. But I could never understand the criticism, so common, that wants poets to be different from what they are. Each true poet is unique; it is his uniqueness that is delightful. The Shorter Poems were unlike anything else in our poetry. Their distinguishing charm was their choiceness; a choiceness even of limitation, a chosen abstinence from stress and struggle, a chosen felicity. Even when the verse revived the grace of forgotten models, it was of models new to English poetry—forms or cadences chosen from Italian, Spanish, or old French. Familiarity with these lyrics and with "The Growth of Love," that noble series of sonnets which will gain more lovers as time goes on, makes me prize above all the wholeness of fine texture which is theirs, the inner beauty of form which comes, I suppose, from "instinctive rightness." Mr. Bridges, so English in temperament, seems rather a Latin in the genius of his art. Taste is a positive element in it, not merely an instinct of avoidance. You do not find loose workmanship in him, or loose thinking. The epithets are delicate and precise, never ornamental, never unmeaning. The rhymes are fresh, yet not strained or bizarre. But above all it is the rhythms that are masterly and original. What a revelation was the first reading of the "Dead Child" and "London Snow" and "The Downs," poems now very well known and accepted with delight by innocent as by educated ears, but in those days a puzzle and a stumbling-block to the learned who insisted on scanning them. They were the revelation of a new world of rhythm to be explored. And the younger poets of to-day, whether they are conscious of it or not, owe a debt of liberation to Mr. Bridges. You see the leaven working everywhere now. It is the rich variety of speech-rhythms which Mr. Bridges has brought into verse with so salutary an effect; for such rhythms lend themselves to all sorts of themes and moods, and each poet will use them in his own way. Swinburne's marvellous inventiveness in metre, on the other hand, has produced only imitations of Swinburnian manner.

A casual and superficial reader might think Mr. Bridges, with his fondness for certain archaisms and his aloofness from current fashions in the subject matter of poetry, rather old-fashioned and conservative. But in reality he has proved a fruitful innovator. He is an advocate of drastic change in many things. He has the Latin gift of logical analysis, and was the first, I think, to expose the illogical compromise which English prosody, like most English institutions, embodies. He is also extremely alive to the degradation of the sounds of speech in the England of to-day. Mr. Bernard Shaw, you may remember, took hints from Mr. Bridges in portraying the professor of phonetics who is the hero of one of his recent plays. The translation from Virgil and other exercises in classical prosody were prompted by these interests; and the experiments, whether they please or not, "reveal a vast unexplored field of delicate and expressive rhythms hitherto unknown in our poetry." If readers would only take these poems in this spirit, they would at least find them interesting. But most people prefer their prejudices and old habits to any new enlightenment.

Here I would like to quote one of Mr. Bridges' recent poems, not yet included in his collected works.

FLYCATCHERS.

"Sweet pretty fledgelings, perched on the rail arow,
Expectantly happy, where ye can watch below
Your parents a-hunting i' the meadow grasses
All the gay morning to feed you with flies.

" Ye recall me a time
sixty summers
ago,
When a young
chubby chap I sat
just so
With others on
a school-form
rank'd in a row,
Not less eager and
hungry than you,
I trow,
With intelligences
agape and eyes
aglow,
While an authorita-
tive old wiseacre
Stood over us and
from a desk fed
us with flies.

" Dead flies—such as
litter the library
south-window,
That buzzed at the panes until they fell stiff-baked on
the sill,
Or are rolled up asleep i' the blinds at sunrise,
Or wafer'd flat in a shrunken folio.

" A dry biped he was, nurtured likewise
On skins and skeletons, stale from top to toe
With all manner of rubbish and all manner of lies."

Chilswell,
Mr. Bridges' Oxford residence, the main part of which was recently destroyed by fire.

This poem was the one with which Mr. Bridges unconventionally inaugurated his Laureateship. And as Poet Laureate he has certainly spared us the perfunctory odes associated with that office; a precedent we may hope will be followed. It is perhaps characteristic that the two public addresses he has given since the war have been delivered to working-class audiences. The latest of these, the "Necessity of Poetry," raises so many interesting questions that I wish I had space to discuss some of them. Words—the material of poetry—are discussed first as ideas, then as sounds. There is a very suggestive account of ideas in the mind, and the gradual formation of concepts: and it is maintained that these concepts have a spontaneous life and growth of their own; "a genius is a man whose mind has most of a right spontaneous activity of the concepts among themselves." Poetry uses our conceptions in their natural condition, "it neither trims them nor rationalises them." In the account of the values of words, as sounds, an appeal is made to the magnificent results attained by the great poetic metres as sufficient vindication of the fact that poetry has confined itself to metre—though "the best prose is, in its rhythmic quality, superior to a poorly constructed poem." Lastly, there are passages on diction and the order of words, well worth studying and taking to heart by any young writer. But this indicates only the bare outline of the address.

If in this brief article I have had to confine myself to certain aspects only of Mr. Bridges' work, it is because I wished to emphasise the value of his example for all poetic students; the devotion to his art, the absence of the amateurishness and slovenliness which we are all rather prone to indulge and condone, the soundness of form and of texture. This learned art leads some who have no real knowledge of Mr. Bridges' poetry to think of him as engrossed in externals of style; but he is anything but academic in reality. His work does not lend itself to telling quotations of single lines and phrases; but those who have learned to love it recognise the inner beauty residing in it, the spontaneous invention, and behind these the tenderness of assured strength and the presence of a lofty spirit.

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THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What the War has Taught Me.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What I intend to do after the War.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—This PRIZE is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Geoffrey Dearmer, of A.O.D. Mess, Infantry Barracks, York, and Beatrice Skilton, of 169, Ham Park Road, Forest Gate, E.7, for the following:

SONNET.

Ah, would you were a poet, would the lore
Of words controlled your eager-moving mind;
No longer should we all be dumb and blind
And deaf to crying summons as before.
For we who delve your soul must needs explore
With shafts of insight, and the gold we find
Spread wide in verse: Alas! we leave behind
A wealth unknown of undiscovered ore.

Bend down to me, Beloved, bid me climb
To your clean air above, till I behold
Your hand outstretched loom down to my low view
To mould and recreate my stumbling rhyme.
Bend down, and let me borrow thoughts of gold
And be a Shelley yet for love of you.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

LOSS.

'Twas yesterday you went away.
* * * * *
Since then a thousand years have passed.
How strange that I should still be cast
In this same mould! I seem to be
A being without entity—
The offspring of one grief-born sigh
That I shall nevermore be I!
This strange new self can scarcely feel
The turn of Life's relentless wheel—
So lost it is to time and sense,
So wrapped within a vapour dense
Of woe, impenetrably drear—
A mist of pain that will not clear.

Did once the shimmering rainbow light
Of bliss divine fall on my sight,
In that lost world where love held sway
Which Time, the vampire, sucked away?
Or am I as the desert's prey
Who sees mirage each maddening day—
Until the spirit loses hold
And all that is of life is told?

This grief, distilled for me alone—
This agony, too great for moan—
(Which keeps my soul so strangely still
Beneath the grinding of this mill)
Love held them hidden in his hand
When first I viewed the Promised Land,
Lest all too soon mine eyes should see
The tear-hung cross prepared for me.

But ah! the glory there I found
Was worth ten thousand times the sound
Of earth-clods on the coffin lid
Of all my hopes! And though amid
The ruins of my life I stand,
A traveller in an unknown land—
With none to comfort or to pray
And all the landmarks swept away—
'Twas worth all this—and more beside
To meet your love-glance as you died!
* * * * *
'Twas yesterday you went away.

BEATRICE SKILTON.

We also select for printing:

A FANCY.

I saw one silent shining star
Where all the greater planets are.
It shone when earth lay still beneath
The pressure of the soft snow-wreath.
It passed, and in its aftermath
I saw a crystal paven path.

I followed, why I cannot say,
Along that shining upward way,
Until I saw the Night unclose,
And lo! my star became a rose.

I saw the Rose unfold and bloom,
And Life was glad with that perfume.
I followed, for I fain would know
Where such a Perfect Rose could blow,
From North to South, from East to West,
From Dawning's star to Evening's rest,
Until, between the Lights, I found
A little hill—on barren ground
My Rose-star shone, a thing of flame,
And set above a Cross of Shame.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE FOLDED HOURS.

Oh, all those hours I fold away
She gave to me and I to her;
Between each fold, as pure as they,
Are mignonette and lavender.

And so I keep to-morrow sweet,
As fresh and sweet as yesterday
When Love first sang above the wheat
And Youth first learnt the lover's way.

And every hue of every hour
Love wove into a song, I lay
Where neither moth nor rust devour—
Within my heart, for aye and aye.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 22, Old Cleeve, Washford, Somerset.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Edith M. Harrison (Alexandria), Margaret Brown (Calne), Anna Easton (Llandaff), Dorothy Grenside (London, W.C.), Freda J. Philips (London, E.C.), Arthur Thrush (Hampstead), Charlotte Bacon (Birkenhead), Honor Drury (Streatham), I. L. Watts (Norwich), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), Lieut. S. E. Sale (B.E.F., France), M. G. Billson (Tring), O. Allott (London, W.), Lieut. E. L. H. Jansz (Colombo), Lance-Corpl. H. C. Smith (Canterbury), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Anna B. McGill (Louisville, U.S.A.), R. P. (Horsham), Madge Beaumont (Huddersfield), Sydney Jeffery (Burscough), Anthea (Dorset), K. (Catford), H. S. Gibson (Belfast), Jacynth (Manchester), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), M. I. K. Carruthers (Oxford), Chas. Laney, W. O. (B.E.F.), E. P. Wade-Evans (Chalford), E. Kenrick (Bournemouth), Rex Hinton (Clevedon), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Lieut. W. G. Eeles (B.E.F., France), Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage), A. Dykes (Leeds), M. D. Hillyard (Exeter), Egbert Sandford (Saltash), Corpl. Chas. Kent (Redcar), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Percy T. Cash (Ceylon), Margaret M. Prouse (Salop), Pte. R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), L. T. N. (Leeds), D. F. Dalson (Sutton), J. Kitley (Derby), Pryce Roberts (Cardiff), Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto), A. M. Richardson (Guisborough), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), A. Bayley Haynes (London, S.E.), W. Pocock (Bristol), T. Kent (Southampton), A. E. Richardson (Camberwell), M. Pryce (Spilsbury), Wendy Hyde Gardner (Emsworth), Dorothy M. Butlin (Thornton Heath), Rev. G. Baxendale (Putney), Anna Walker (Sleights), Gunner Stephen Kane (B.E.F., France), Winifred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Geoffrey H. Turner (Wakefield), Dora H. Southgate (Maidenhead), Mary Parfitt (Pentre), Amy J. Baker (Chale), Margaret E. Riley (St. Austell), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), George Savill (Brockley), J. A. B. (Highgate), E. A. Scrutton (London, E.), Beatrice B. Horton (Westerham), J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead), Helen Grange (Sowerby Bridge), B. H. Clough (Norwich), Pte. L. D. Cosgrave (Ealing), Vere M. Murphy (Tamerton Foliot), Maude McGuire (Sheffield), Gertrude M. Vickridge (Stroud), Jean Wilson (Hale), Doris E. Sennitt (Harlesden), P. Wigott (Dublin), Richard Tucker (Tavistock), Marjorie Waller (Whitley Bay), L. C. Palmer (London, W.), E. Adams (Blandford).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY IN EUROPE.
By H. E. EGERTON. (Macmillan.)

"It's telling on young William, who's reduced to skin and bone."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

We also select for printing:

THE LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY. By W. H. MALLOCK. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The King was in his counting-house, counting out his money,
The Queen was in the parlour eating bread and honey."
Nursery Rhyme.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

QUAINT COMPANIONS. By LEONARD MERRICK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"An elderly ghost of easy ways
And an influential goblin."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Ghost and the Goblin.*

(Miss L. Wilson, 11, Lyme Regis Road, Banstead, Surrey.)

HEART OF ICE. By FERGUS HUME. (Hutchinson.)

"Oh, Kate, the middle of the north
Has got a freezing point."
T. HOOD, *Poem from the Polish.*

(A. D. Somerville, 10, Bury Street, Lower Edmonton, N.9.)

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT. By MARY MARLOWE. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"I sit alone against the wall,
And strive to look at ease."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *My Rival.*

(E. P. Wade-Evans, France Lynch, Chalford, Glos.)

STEALTHY TERROR. By J. FERGUSON. (Lane.)

"I feel I'm growing gradually pale."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

OLD DESIRE. By HOLLOWAY HORN. (Westall.)

"What cat's averse to fish?"
T. GRAY, *On a favourite cat.*

(Dilys Thomas, 298, High Street, Bangor, N. Wales.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best topical parody of any well-known fairy tale is awarded to Frances C. Dennis, of Oak Cottage, Edenbridge, Kent, for the following:

BLUEBEARD.

Once upon a time there lived a man named Bluebeard. In his palace was a locked room which none might enter, but one day his wife stole the key and went in. There she saw a large book containing the names of forty-seven thousand well-known people. It revealed dreadful truths about them—such as, the real ages of the court beauties, and which cavaliers tight-laced. Bluebeard came in and

found his wife reading. "Now," said he, "I will write down your name also." Whereupon she screamed so loudly that General Publique, who was very deaf, heard, and hurrying in, tried to buy the book. Bluebeard's brothers-in-law also heard and galloped up. When their sister told her story they drew their stilos, and, rushing at Bluebeard, sued him for libel. And they all lived snappily ever after.

We specially commend the parodies sent by Helen Mills (Ballymena), L. G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Mary Farran (Bradford), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), E. J. Corke (Halifax), Dilys Thomas (Bangor), Reginald Gray (Darlington), A. D. Somerville (Edmonton), Edward H. Forster (Thorne), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), Dorothy Child (Canterbury), D. Hare (Weston-super-Mare), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), M. Rourke (Manchester), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Flora Baxter (Stirling), Katharine J. Wood (Birmingham), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Gladys E. Phillips (Porthcawl), M. G. Dodds (Timperley), Mary E. Steel (Darlington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Frank Kelly, of 16, St. Joseph's Avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin, for the following:

BALLADES OF FRANCOIS VILLON. Interpreted into English Verse by PAUL HOOKHAM. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.)

The story of the poet's life, its joys and sorrows, his love for Paris—

"There's not a town like Paris town"—

and France—Villon himself is here. In the nineteen poems there is the music, not of mere vowels and consonants but of his own heart. Not highly polished, perhaps, yet each poem has a depth that fascinates because it reflects as a diamond might the light and shade of the poet's soul. The book is nicely turned out, splendidly printed on hand-made paper, a small, but well-wrought casket for the jewels it contains.

We also select for printing:

WHILE PARIS LAUGHED. By LEONARD MERRICK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A new book by Mr. Merrick is always an event." "While Paris Laughed" gives us the temperamental studies in which this author excels. This time his hero is an unacknowledged poet in love with ideas and every attractive woman he meets, or, failing the real woman, with his own conception of what she might be. The atmosphere is distinctly Paris (pre-war) but the characters belong to no age or race: they represent the quintessence of that alluring land Bohemia. The medley of French idiom and English slang seems strange, but certainly conveys the effect of what the original would be.

(W. G., Oundle.)

THE HISTORICAL NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT. By RAFAEL SABATINI. (Martin Secker.)

It is refreshing to turn from the monotonous horrors of the present day to the mediæval times Mr. Sabatini represents, when Death, at least, went gaily dressed. The reader is plunged into a world of brilliant sunshine and gloom; masque and carnival, black magic, hairbreadth escapes, murder hard on the heels of jealousy follow each other in the gaily-coloured pageant. Not only in "The Night of Stranglers" has he perfectly timed the dramatic pause before the climax; and as befits the true craftsman in sensationalism, his treatment of broad, somewhat crude outlines is never violent or untrue to fact.

(Miss J. Sturges, Holmleigh, Walton-by-Clevedon.)

THE JUDGMENT OF VALHALLA. By GILBERT FRANKAU. (Chatto & Windus.)

Of verses like Captain Frankau's what shall be said? They crowd upon the mind in their images of misery and horror and brutality, "word upon awful word," with a truth that denies and a courage that terrifies. And when—unable longer to endure—we turn the page, we come upon the lovely poems to "Aimée"—a land of wine and music, the touch of fur, the kiss of sea-borne winds, the peace of sleep, the scent of roses in the dawn. And, by these paths returning to the knowledge of loyalty and faithfulness, we "keep our vision whole."

(A. Heard, Powell Lodge, Parkstone.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), Ralph Edwards (Sutton), Doreen Norris (London, W.), F. M. Ramsay (Fareham), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Helen Porter (Dublin), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), M. B. (Stowmarket), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), Arthur Davidson (Glasgow), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), Violet M. Emerson (Taunton), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Alan D. Emerson (Taunton), F. Willmer (Ramsey), Miss P. Willis Bund (London, W.), Irene Lalonde (Bath), Rolanda Hirst (Earl's Court), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Mary Gales (Swansea), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Gertrude M. Field (London, S.W.), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Winifred M. Spriggs (Herne Hill), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Maud M. Bruce (Sunningdale), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), M. J. Dobie (Moulds-worth), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Dorothy Jenkins (Batley), E. Thackeray (Manchester), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Ethel Webster (Bristol).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Alfred Green, Harewood, Skipton.

THE LITTLE WISE BIRD.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE plays of Barrie have hitherto made a fitful and imperfect appearance in print; now at last they are to be issued in something like completeness. "Something like," I say; for on looking down the promised list I observe with pain some tacit omissions —I miss, in particular, two plays that are in a sense crucial, two that test whether you are a real admirer, or merely one of the crowd around a much admired author. It is easy to admire "Hamlet"; the test of your allegiance comes when you read "Troilus."

Now this must be seen to. Barrie should be plainly told that he is a man of genius, and that in consequence

* "The Plays of J. M. Barrie. I. What Every Woman Knows. A Comedy." 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

he is our possession and not his own. A man of talent is self-possessed; a man of genius is a possession. We want all his works. It is not for him to pick and choose which he shall give and which withhold. We insist on the whole; we demand all the data of genius; and we shall worry until we get even what he may wish he hadn't written, or what written he may wish in vain to forget. That is his weird, and he must dree it—or his dree and he must weird it: I'm not sure which; but it's something that Scottish people have to do. Wasn't Miss Amy Grey also uncertain about the process?

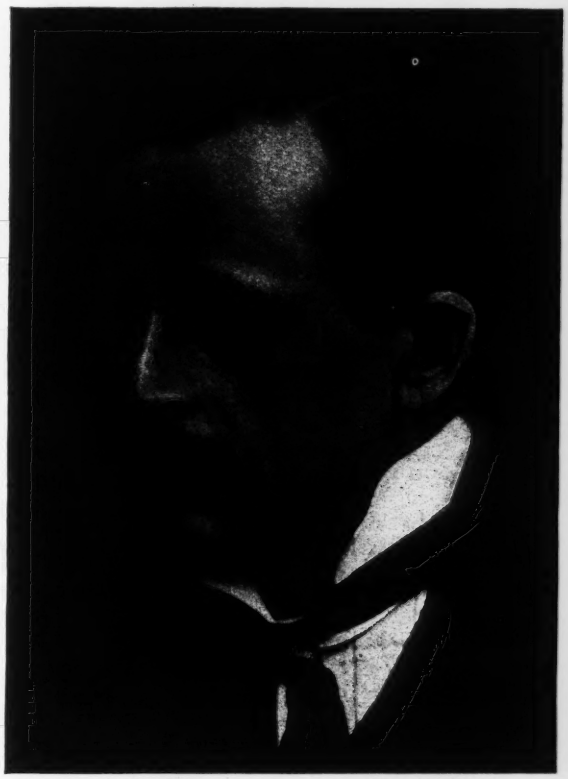

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Sir J. M. Barrie.**

For the present, then, we leave the matter there, confident (after this admonition) that the unannounced will be forthcoming in due season. Let us turn to what we have, and be thankful; for the first of the issue is one of the best. It is so thoroughly and delightfully Scottish that the principal parts could be played only by Hilda Trevelyan, who appears to be Cornish, and by Gerald du Maurier, who is fractionally French. Maggie had no "charm," you know; and if you are not sure what charm is, David (the successful brother) was equally ignorant, and Maggie had to tell him:

"Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none."

Whereupon James (the stupid brother) thumps the table with his fist and shouts, "I have a sister that has charm." Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings and stupid brothers (Scottish) . . . for observe: Maggie is so full of charm that her fool of a strong-man brother and her fool of a strong-man husband notice it no more than they notice the air that keeps them alive. And so the charmless woman full of charm adds the gleam to her massive husband's intelligence and has to save him when he proposes to be more than usual strong—that is, when he is going to make an unprecedented fool of himself. That man the strong is often only a great baby is what every woman knows. Maggie knew it; and, in the play of another writer, who was meant to be a man of genius but found it more amusing to be a man of talent and has been immensely satisfied with himself ever since, Candida knew it. The poet knew it, too: poets being men so strangely wise that they are often quite womanish. But the Reverend James—so strong and forceful that he was heading straight for a bishopric—he, bless you, knew nothing about it. He thought it was his strength and dignity that magnetised Candida, when it was his helpless need of her that she found irresistible. So here, John Shand the strong tries to do without his canny wife (who has no charm), and runs after a titled *mannequin* with a fashionable lisp; and lo! the great career speeds no better than an unplumed arrow, till Maggie comes to put the self-sufficient blunderer right.

The delicate parable is charmingly told. It is a defect of almost any play that it is wedded to the comedians, for better or worse. There is Maggie, for instance, who was "without charm"—and was played by that quintessence of charm called Hilda Trevelyan. Result, bang goes the initial thesis, though of course the parable still holds good. Then there is John Shand, the strong and mighty one. What you get in the play is mainly his stupidity and triviality, and you have to piece him out with what you remember of Gerald du Maurier in order to preserve any illusion of his force. The three Wylie brothers are better—Barrie's foot is on his native heath when he has to deal with a Scottish family group. The French countess is little more than an oracle and Lady Sibyl is a mere *mannequin*. One feature of the first performance seems to have vanished—Adam's funny-bone, out of which (as every woman knows) the first woman was made.

If any think because they saw the play performed that possession of the text is not important, I assure them that they don't know what they are missing; for the dialogue is set in a framework of comment and description so delightful that one is tempted to say it is as good as the picture itself. The preliminary six pages describing the Wylie household make a prose idyll scarcely surpassed even by Barrie himself for mingled humour, fantasy and insight. It is hard to keep the pen from quoting the whole of it. A few bars from the Prelude to Act IV. simply must be quoted.

"Man's greatest invention is the lawn-mower. All the birds know this, and that is why, when it is at rest, there is always at least one of them sitting on the handle with his head cocked, wondering how the delicious whirring sound is made. When they find out, they will change their note. As it is, you must sometimes have thought that you heard the mower very early in the morning, and perhaps you peeped in *négligé* from your lattice window to see who was up so early. It was really the birds trying to get the note."

Pray observe that feathered songster on the handle. There is always a wise little bird, bright-eyed and knowing, sitting and trilling its quaint magic over all Barrie's inventions.

XUM

New Books.

THE GALLANTRY OF FRANCE.*

In explaining to his countrymen, by means of essay and lecture, the genius of their principal ally, Mr. Gosse is doing a good war service and one which he is peculiarly, if not uniquely, well equipped to perform. He knows the French character thoroughly, and not only through its literary manifestations, though it is to them that he devotes his particular attention. He sees in what respects the French mind differs from and needs interpreting to the English, and he interprets it with the lucidity of a practised critic.

In his essay on the gallantry of France he has collected from letters and literature evidence of the spirit "which inspired the young French officers at the beginning of the war": "at the beginning," he says, for "the long continuance of the struggle has modified the temper of the French officer, and it will probably never be again what it was in the stress and tempest of sacrifice three years and a half ago, when the young French soldiers, flushed with the idealisms which they had imbibed at St. Cyr, rushed to battle like paladins, 'with a pure heart,' in the rapture of chivalry and duty." This is far from being meant as an adverse criticism of the spirit of these latter days. A change was inevitable, and the change that has come about has doubtless made for greater economy of precious life and also for greater efficiency. It takes two to play the game of chivalry; and the men whom the French are fighting have from the very beginning refused to play it. A worthy opponent is to be fought under the fair rules of duelling. An inferior, one prefers to thrash. But if one must fight him, one has, at any rate to some extent, to adopt his methods. It is no use opposing the bludgeon with the rapier. So the French methods of warfare have had to become less gallant and more utilitarian. But it was a beautiful thing, the spirit which sent the young St. Cyrian to his death in kid gloves and red *panache*. It is impossible to withhold admiration from that cavalry regiment which preferred to kick its heels in idleness rather than take on even temporarily the duties of infantry. By the eye of common sense this refusal may be regarded as a culpable and selfish punctilio, not, in its practical results, to be distinguished from shirking. To Englishmen, ready for any job, careless of dignity and not given to analysis in moments of emergency, it would be impossible. But those French horsemen were logical and had the courage of their logic. They knew themselves to be the symbol of something admirable, one of the things for which the war was being fought; and they would not abandon their trust. They struck an attitude, an act of which the Englishman is always rather ashamed but which the Frenchman takes seriously. The Frenchman cherishes a fine attitude for its own sake. Therein lies the secret of the peculiar Gallic gallantry, Mr. Gosse's theme; on which he lays special emphasis in his paper on La Rochefoucauld.

For he has set his monument to the young dead of Mons and the Marne on a pedestal of three steps, on which he has inscribed the names of La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère and Vauvenarges. In these three "Maximilians"—the pun was Boileau's apropos of La Bruyère—who, by the way, were three of six French writers (the others being Montaigne, Fontenelle and Chamfort) whose books Nietzsche considered to "contain more real ideas than all the books of German philosophers put together," Mr. Gosse traces the ancestry of that idea of *gloire* which inspires his contemporary heroes. Hence three studies in his well-known manner, tactful, well-proportioned and a little colourless, of which that on La Rochefoucauld is perhaps most to the point. For in the mordant ex-Frondean duke first appears that spirit which was incarnate in such twentieth-century heroes as Paul Lintier; who seeing with relentless logic that all our fine airs and gestures may be traced back to *amour propre*—that even patriotism is but an extended selfishness—do not, therefore, as the sentimentalists (many Frenchmen and nearly all Englishmen and Germans) would, reject them as of evil origin, but accept them as still fine æsthetically and objectively and very well worth living and dying for. The Frenchman of this characteristic type, being preeminently an artist in life, holds that it is results and not sources that matter; and the result of the French desire for *gloire* is a sweet and seemly thing.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Three French Moralists and the Gallantry of France." By Edmund Gosse. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

SONGS IN WAR TIME.

There is a good deal of very creditable verse and even poetry inspired by the war which might never have been brought to birth in peace time. Not such the poetry of Geoffrey Faber, which is essential and must find expression at any time. He writes for his peers, and though songs of his may yet be sung by a lad in an English lane as he imagines it they will not be these songs. Not that he lacks simplicity nor that his poems are difficult from excess of feeling. Some of the most passionate poetry in the world might be sung by a peasant or a child. But "In the Valley of Vision"[1] needs something of a like mind, something receptive in the one who comes to its reading. To that one this poetry will be a rare delight. The performance is there, ripe performance with no immaturity of youth: but there is promise as well; there is a certain riotousness and energy of youth which promise great things. All who look to the sky for new stars will have a leap of the pulses as they discover Geoffrey Faber. This stately and fastidious poetry does not lend itself to extracts. One must bring to it admiration, faith and hope. Big poets have been slow of coming in these days of emotional poetry. Geoffrey Faber would seem to be in the succession.

Maurice Baring is one of the fortunate poets who has achieved much in little. "Poems: 1914 to 1917"[2] is a slender sheaf but it is all golden, and every one who cares for poetry, and even many who do not, are aware of the poem for Julian Grenfell which is constantly quoted in the obituary columns of *The Times* under the Roll of Honour; and that I think must be very sweet to the poets who are quoted. "Julian Grenfell" and "Pierre" are unforgetable poems, poems for the anthologists, who will also keep the noble "In Memoriam" for Lord Lucas.

> "There is no waste,
> No burning Might-have-been,
> No bitter after-taste;
> None to censure, none to screen,
> Nothing awry nor anything mis-spent:
> Only content, content beyond content,
> Which hath not any room for betterment.
>
> "God Who had made you valiant, strong and swift
> And maimed you with a bullet long ago,
> And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,
> And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,
> Gave back your youth to you,
> And packed in moments rare and few
> Achievements manifold,
> And happiness untold,
> And bade you spring to Death as to a bride
> In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,
> And on your sandals the strong wings of youth."

Men like Lord Lucas and Julian Grenfell are not more memorable and great in anything than in the poetry they inspired. The contents of this little book are of beauty all compact in which the playfulness of the "Elegy for

[1] "In the Valley of Vision." By Geoffrey Faber. 3s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

[2] "Poems: 1914–1917." By Maurice Baring. 1s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

the Death of Juliet's Owl," a delicious thing, has its full share.

Geoffrey Dearmer is another acclaimed poet of the war. His "Poems"[3] are fitly so named: one does not send him to the humility of verse although his quality is lighter than either of the preceding poets. But it is a charming quality and it nowhere finds better expression than in "The French Mother to Her Unborn Child" which stayed with one after its first appearance in the *Observer*. This poem by itself would give assurance of a poet, and judged by its achievement Geoffrey Dearmer's promise is remarkable.

"Ditchling Beacon"[4] is lighter weight—much lighter weight. Mr. Alfred Bathurst Norman sings, not without charm but with a familiar air. Who was it first brought place-names—such lovely names as England is rich in—to make a pivot for a poem to turn on? Was it Henley with

"Going down to Richmond,
On the way to Kew"—

or was it Belloc or Chesterton, or who was it? Anyhow so many poets have followed the fashion that it is time it was out of fashion. By over-use the associations refuse to rise and they were the reason for what was at freshest but an artifice. "Ditchling Beacon" is a pleasant and accomplished book of verse.

"The Four Winds of Eirinn"[5] recalls an Irish singer too early lost. Ethna Carbery belonged to the days and the school of the Celtic Revival. She was a high-minded and impassioned patriot whose chief inspiration was love of country. Her manner is like that of Fiona Macleod, but she had her own message. Her love songs are very beautiful, but she never sang a better than when she sang for Dark Rosaleen under one of her many names.

"'Is it a sail ye wait, Sheila?' 'Yes, from the westering sun.'
'Shall it bring joy or sorrow?' 'Oh, joy sadly won.'
'Shall it bring peace or conflict?' 'The pibroch in the glen
And the flash and crash of battle, where my banner shines again.'

"Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass-blades after drought.
And there blows a red wind from the East, a white wind from the South:
A brown wind from the West, agra, a brown wind from the West,
But the black, black wind from Northern hills men say you love it best?

"Said Sheila-ni-Gara: 'Tis a kind wind and true,
It rustled soft through Aileach's halls and stirred the hair of Hugh.
Then blow, wind! and snow, wind! what matters storm to me?
Now I know the fairy sleep must break and let the sleepers free.'"

In this book of white fire God and Ireland never are forgotten.

"Reality with Faery Meets"[6] has a good deal of diffused poetry in it. A little severity with themselves might not come amiss to this dual authorship. They do not often touch the distinction of

"Above her summer blossoms, lo, France sings.
Doth she not hold a thousand splendid things
Within her hands? Out there the dust may blow
To silver in the wind."

The last phrase could only have been written by a poet. "The Mother and the Forest" is beautiful throughout. The London poems are more commonplace, but the book has considerable charm and we shall hear of these sisters again.

"The Wind on the Downs"[7] is a collection of poems of a wistful beauty. It has scarcely outstanding qualities, but it cries its sorrowful music at your ear and you are fain to listen. It is drenched with the colours and fragrance of English country.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[3] "Poems." By Geoffrey Dearmer. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
[4] "Ditchling Beacon." By Alfred Bathurst Norman. 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[5] "The Four Winds of Eirinn." By Ethna Carbery. 3s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Gill.)
[6] "Reality with Faery Meets." By Monica and Margaret Painter. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[7] "The Wind on the Downs." By Marion Allen. 2s. net. (Humphreys.)

EMINENT VICTORIANS.*

We have never had, in English, as Mr. Strachey observes, "Fontenelles and Condorcets, with their incomparable *éloges*, compressing into a few shining pages the manifold existences of men." This book is an attempt to do for four figures of last century what the French masters did in their own line. It is a quartet of sketches, brief, detached and decidedly readable. Due brevity is the first duty of a biographer, says Mr. Strachey. Carlyle had said this already, though he did not practise what he preached. But what Carlyle's life of Sterling was to the official life of that curious personality, Mr. Strachey's outlines are to the respective biographies of his four subjects, not only in brevity but in his second essential, viz., that the true biographer ought "to maintain his own freedom of spirit." He is not to cast stones for the sheer pleasure of it. But neither is he to burn incense, till the cloud of adulation obscures the warts. Mr. Strachey need not fear that he will be held guilty of the latter sin. It may be shocking to some pious admirers of General Gordon to learn that he was fond of brandy and soda; to many it will be news, and not welcome news, that Florence Nightingale was often domineering and exacting in private life. But this method of dealing frankly with the foibles of a character certainly produces a feeling of reality in the reader's mind, and it is this sense of reality which the conventional biographies often fail to create. The result is a book of provoking interest. Mr. Strachey sets his figures in no limelight of fancy; he treats them with a pleasant mixture of attention and irony, resolved that justice shall be done to their vital merits, but not at the expense of veracity. The critical attitude of the biographer is honest, and none the less honest that it is neither that of the iconoclast nor of the adorer.

The sketch of Dr. Arnold is the shortest of the four. The last, on the "End of General Gordon," is the most controversial; Mr. Gladstone, "the sinuous creature," comes out of the story badly, and almost the only figure with credit is Lord Hartington, who was honest but slow. Mr. Strachey has disentangled the threads of the tragedy, as he has been able to lay hands upon them, and, for readers who find it difficult to reconstruct the situation, his summary is invaluable. He excels in depicting Sir Evelyn Baring. The sub-acid justice of his method is never employed more cleverly than in this sketch of Baring, between the Home Government and Gordon, a cautious official between two impossible forces. But we lay down his pages, feeling that he has not quite succeeded in fathoming Gordon himself, although he comes nearer to the mystery than, say, Lord Morley or Sir William Butler.

The full-length sketches of Miss Nightingale with her Demon, and of Cardinal Manning, are the core of the book. For one reader who knows a little about Florence Nightingale and the Crimean hospitals, there are probably a dozen who know next to nothing of her later struggles with the War Office and Lord Panmure, "the Bison." But the record of these conflicts is essential to any intelligent grasp of her character and work. And so we learn how the Bison once thwarted the Demon, and how the military hospital at Netley "was triumphantly completed on unsanitary principles, with unventilated rooms, and with all the patients' windows facing north-east." The Bison was finally dislodged. But his tribe still pasture in the War Office, if all accounts are true.

Manning's biography offered easy catches to the spirit of Voltaire in any competent writer, and Mr. Strachey does

* "Eminent Victorians." By Lytton Strachey. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

not miss one of them. The question he puts, after describing Manning's influence and popularity in the East End and in the West End, is this: Had the nineteenth century " a place in its heart for such as Manning—a soft place, one might almost say? Or, on the other hand, was it he who had been supple and yielding? he who had won by art what he would never have won by force, and who had managed, so to speak, to be one of the leaders of the procession, less through merit than through a superior faculty for sliding adroitly to the front rank?" Mr. Strachey answers his own question, and it is needless to say which answer he prefers.

J. MOFFATT.

THE CURATE'S EGG.*

On the whole this is a welcome book. It would probably have been entirely so had Mr. George taken the requisite pains and, in particular, revised the judgments he expressed, with much of the authority of major-prophecy, in the pages of THE BOOKMAN and elsewhere some few years ago. The literary world, as well as this mad globe of vanity and battle, has shifted angles widely since some of his present opinions were formerly printed. Already the seven persons selected, and by him academically crowned as the hope and promise of English fiction, are sufficiently proved not all in the true succession. Nevertheless, his volume is welcome, because, in his downright, rapid and slap-dash characteristic manner, it does a necessary thing. The general reading public for too long has flocked to the worship of literary clay-images. Fluff and stuff and falsity of emotion and fact have for undue years been the ingredients of fiction, purchased, belauded and approved, as if it were fruit of genius as well as the sop of an hour. High time is it, therefore, that a pen capable of piercing should prick the bubble-reputations that have not even the surface beauty of blown soap.

The English novel has often been, and in future should surely be, the ultimate and favourite expression of our national art. It mirrors life, character, circumstance; is capable of painting truth with imagination and wit, merging emotion with humour, as no other form or medium of art can do. It has provided an incomparable source of refreshment and happiness to multitudes, is easily available to the many and the poorest. Yet, far, far more often than not, it has become debased, a channel for morbid sentimentality and the sorriest exploitations of romance and passion. " Unreality, extravagance, stage tears, offensive piety, ridiculous abductions and machinery," have brought it down to such a condition of contempt that its modern popular form deserves to be used as a byword for artificiality. It has in consequence severely handicapped the serious novelist. What more heart-breaking to the conscious and true artist than the knowledge that his efforts are being blindly ignored, while the charlatan gets not only the pence but the plaudits? So far as Mr. George's purpose is concerned we are thoroughly in accord with him. We like his vigour, his punch, his courage and, so far as it goes, his clearness of view. Much that he says incidentally is superficial and easily disputable; he is fond of compressing a controversial opinion—as the absurd " that prose-writer gone astray, Shakespeare "—within a casual paragraph; but any champion is welcome who tilts sharply at the windmills of shoddy.

Where we differ positively from Mr. George is in his estimate of the right sort of novel. He appears to limit his approval to the realist; and, judging from his example, seems to like best those writers who spend their energies in recapitulating a meticulous detail, based on a morbid and insistent subjectiveness. A bold use of the imagination, a sufficient exercise of humour, the happy possession of a gift of right illusion, appear of less account to him than the characteristics that comprise what may be called the photographic school of fictionists. The most loudly proclaimed of his favourites have won their probably fleeting reputations from an exhaustive—and exhausting—process of recording their own sensuous and emotional experiences. They have, in fact, written chapters of more or less violent autobiography and called it a novel. A personal chronicle, elaborately detailed and exactingly true, is, however, from the nature of the beast, necessarily limited in quantity; and already some of us see trumpeted reputations of yesterday dimmed and promising on an early to-morrow to be pathetically ended. Mr. George has devoted several pages to certain of these transient flames; whereas Mr. Algernon Blackwood, who has used imagination legitimately, knows the *A* to the *Z* of technique, and, with all his limitations, succeeds in carrying readers to aspects far from the beaten ways, gets from him merely one casual reference. It is needless to illustrate further the partiality and insufficiency of this volume; the judgment of a young man in a good deal of a hurry. It goes not far enough. The English novel of the coming years will not be only an exact record of more or less dingy days and bedroom nights; but will have such qualities of brave imagination and god-like laughter as are beyond the reach of those earnest students of the humanity in themselves, members of the self-revealing photographic school, who have the reward of being Mr. George's favourites.

But, with all its faults, this volume is refreshing. The essays on the three Comic Giants, Tartarin, Falstaff and Münchausen, form a pleasant addendum to it, and would warrant more detailed comment had space allowed. We recommend Mr. George to read Professor Bradley's brilliant study of Falstaff in his " Oxford Lectures," as obviously he has not done so; and conclude by venturing to inform him that the " incomprehensible object " in the foreground of the famous Holbein is a " perspective picture " of a skull.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* " A Novelist on Novels." By W. L. George. 6s. net. (Collins.)

"LE BON ANGLAIS, LE BON ANGLAIS."*

Pity the poor historian of this war. He—that is to say the Committee of Historians—will sit down, in 1950 or so, with the resolute intention of producing the standard book. The Government—if there is a Government—will have erected a convenient series of buildings, in which a staff of psychologists and intelligent generals and naval historians and really great statesmen and agricultural experts and learned sociologists and mystics and criminologists and poets will make it their business to absorb the Parts That Matter in the chronicles which have been handed down. They will naturally not attempt to separate the things which happened from the rumours—did not the Allies, for example, derive more benefit from the Muscovites who did not come in 1915 than from the Russian armies that have languished in French concentration camps? And then the various investigators of the war will hand on their considered judgments to the Committee, and perhaps before the year 1980 some of the volumes of this standard book will have been published.

Those who are to weigh the voluntary work of English folk among the French will have their task made easy by this book of Mr. Binyon's. He has arranged his information in a masterly fashion, keeping an observant eye for little episodes among the larger stories of the numerous and very miscellaneous British units that have from the winter of 1914–15 been in France. Pathos, tragedy and horror, gratitude and laughter—nothing is forgotten. We who went in some capacity to France have sometimes—for example as ambulance drivers attached to a French Division—travelled a good deal and we have met by chance some of our colleagues in this all-embracing book. Section No. 1 of the British Ambulance Committee happened to arrive at Royaumont when the Scottish Women's Hospital

" For Dauntless France." By Laurence Binyon. With coloured Frontispiece by Edmund Dulac, and Black-and-white Drawings by other distinguished artists. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

—of which Mr. Binyon has a very sympathetic account—was faced by a most unpleasant military situation and behaved magnificently. Mr. Binyon's travels—the difficulties of which make, at any rate, good reading—took him to many parts of France, and he does not seem to have found that the Germans have had much success with their warnings to the French that they will always have the British "sur le dos." The first excitements of our coming to those regions where no other British had been seen have disappeared and the most modest members of our convoys can have lunch near the window of a restaurant, say in Nancy, without attracting a crowd; but we know and the English doctors and canteen-workers know that the feeling has not subsided which used to make the women throw flowers and the children stroke our arms, while they murmured: "Le bon anglais, le bon anglais."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.*

A thoroughly readable and modest autobiography and an entertaining volume of reminiscences are at any time books for which to be grateful. Mr. Alfred Watson supplies the first in "A Sporting and Dramatic Career"; "A Woman of No Importance" provides the second in "Further Indiscretions." Mr. Watson has been associated with so many well-known persons in the racing, hunting and theatrical world, and has filled so many, such prominent, and such varied positions in journalism that he was bound when he published his recollections to have a number of interesting things to say. He was dramatic critic of the *Standard* for many years and in this capacity showed himself a sturdy but unfanatical supporter of Irving, a sincere but unhysterical opponent of Ibsen. He has been assistant editor of and contributor to the famous "Badminton Library" and is still editor of the *Badminton Magazine*. He has written on Turf matters for *The Times*, and has been the historian of the famous horses that have carried the colours of the Earls of Derby. He has hunted, has run horses and has backed them for forty years; and he continues to be a member of Tattersall's Committee, to be "Gareth" of the *Referee* and "Rapier" of the *Sporting and Dramatic*. He was in the confidence of Mudford, that inaccessible editor of the *Standard* who denied himself with equal inflexibility to members of his staff and to cabinet ministers, but revealed in letters to his true familiars a real vein of boyish fun and vivacious humour. Gilbert too, "hospitable but not genial," says Mr. Watson, had a habit of telling him his troubles; so likewise had Sullivan. Irving was a great friend of Watson's; he suggested his pen-name of "Rapier"; he forgave him his criticism of the Lyceum "Othello"; and the two men often lunched together at Blanchard's or supped in the Beefsteak Room of the old theatre. We fancy indeed that the author of this autobiography must always have been a welcome guest at good men's tables. Over Mr. Watson's accounts of his sporting friends, the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Onslow, and Harry McCalmont, all to be described as "the late," we should like to linger; for "Rapier" is a most generous appreciator of excellence in other peopie, employs an easy and engaging style which renders intelligible to the non-sporting mind the most recondite details of hunting and racing, and has garnered, or we had better say harvested, a good deal of matter which the future historian of the Turf will find invaluable.

In the narrative of his "Sporting and Dramatic Career" Mr. Watson keeps in the middle distance as it were; in the relation of her "Further Indiscretions," "A Woman of No Importance" steps well into the foreground. Whereas, too, the man makes no attempt at reeling off a collection of "good stories," apart from relating one or two diverting

* "A Sporting and Dramatic Career." By Alfred E. T. Watson. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Further Indiscretions." By "A Woman of No Importance." 15s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Demetra Vaka,
author of "Constantine, King and Traitor," which Mr. John Lane is publishing immediately.

anecdotes like that of the camouflaged white elephant, the woman peppers her page fairly freely with copy of this sort. But while some of her tales are of the kind which Pope was thinking of when he declared that "gentle dulness dearly loves a joke," many of them are really pointed and characteristic. The author succeeds in shedding some entirely new light on the characters of that almost forgotten society entertainer Corney Grain and of that too-much remembered celebrity Prince Bismarck, the one being revealed as shy and retiring, the other as devoted to spiders and beetles. Quite a triumph in portraiture, too, is the admirable sketch of the late Marquess of Queensberry which "A Woman of No Importance" gives. She must be reminded, however, that Oscar Wilde's great enemy has no right to the title of "Old Q," which belongs not to him but to that Duke of Queensberry of eighteenth century times who was the friend of George Augustus Selwyn the wit. One other criticism we must make. "A Woman" includes in one of her chapters a narrative of that great scandal of the early eighties, the Langworthy case, and mentions, fairly enough, how the *Pall Mall Gazette* supported Mrs. Langworthy in her fight to save her own name and that of her child from the consequences of a fraudulent marriage and a barbarous desertion. But she ought to have set down the fact that the *Pall Mall Gazette* took up this case at the instigation of its editor, the late Mr. W. T. Stead, who, always a champion of "the woman's cause," never vindicated it more nobly and more successfully than in the case of this cruelly wronged wife.

W. A. L. B.

FRANCE.*

The gifted authoress of "The Fields of France" and of "A Mediæval Garland" has specialised in the period of Froissart, on whom she has written a valuable monograph, and in that of the Queen of Navarre, who stands out from other Queens of the wonderful Renaissance. When writing of French fields, as few have been granted to write of them, her pen revealed particularly intimate acquaintance with the Cantal, with Touraine, with the Oise region even now shaking with the thunder of many guns, and with sunny Provence, where Tartarin rested after his adventures and Daudet wrote letters from his mill. The qualifications of

* "A Short History of France." By Mary Duclaux (Mary Robinson). (Fisher Unwin.)

Mary Duclaux for writing a Short History of France were many, and we rejoice that the present work has been accomplished at a time when a writer whose sympathies are so perfectly Franco-English is likely to have not only the right audience, but the audience in the right mood.

In connection with the present book, the word work must be taken conventionally, for there is little sign of labour about it, and the writer has rather jotted down a series of impressions and reflections than attempted any serious task of compiling and correlating facts. One of the worst indexes which we have ever known would lead us to suppose that Henry III., the eighth, tenth and twelfth Louis were not among the French kings, and in truth the History has been kept within the 347 pages of large type mainly by the art of *glissement*, by a clever and adept sliding from period to period. The supposed omissions are moreover not really *lacunae* or breaks in the narrative. Henry III. comes in three times, not only as the *roi politique* of Montaigne, but as the last king before the unfortunate Louis Seize to convoke the States General, and also as the inventor of that system of farming out the taxes which was destined so largely to effect in later times the financial ruin of France. The three events of his reign which really matter are used in their due place, and help the story forward. Louis VIII. is an odd omission, seeing that he was for six months King of England, and might have founded a dynasty (his mother was English) but for the wonderfully opportune demise of the execrable King John. Louis X. grappled with the mischievous servile tenures that our author treats in a very lucid and interesting manner, while Louis XII.'s victories in Italy are duly recorded on p. 109 of the "Short History." It is strange, however, that an English lady married to a Frenchman makes no reference to the fact that Louis XII. was brother-in-law to our Henry VIII., and that had he lived a powerful Anglo-French alliance might have curbed the power of Spain and conceivably given France, like ourselves, a National Church.

It is not easy to exaggerate the attractiveness of the manner in which our author deals with her own select periods, events, and incidents. We can only signalise as almost perfect examples of lucid presentation the chapters on the "Roman Tradition," on "The Rise of Feudalism," on the "Wars of Religion," on "Napoleon," and on "Louis XIV.": one would specially note the French idea of the great Louis being given proper prominence. English histories seldom get this famous monarch in due perspective. Versailles from beginning to end cost twelve millions of our money. The Wars of Religion are described very fairly, and the respective positions of the contending parties are set forth more clearly than in any other French history with which we are acquainted. The authoress, we may add, does justice to Louis Seize, she is in fact one of the fairest of writers, and yet no "mugwump."

Among those very minor things which the critic feels almost inclined to apologise for mentioning will be included noting that Tertullian was not one of the Christian saints (p. 14), that Pothin should be Pothinus (p. 17), Caton Cato (p. 3), and Cathares (p. 71) Cathari. On p. 157 1618 should be 1718. The word "unitarian" applied to Richelieu is intended, but we fear that English convention, which restricts this word to a religious body, is too strong. "A centralizer in political creed" is what the author wants to say. *Emotive* (p. 18) for emotional, too, we cannot welcome, *filials* for "daughter-cities" we should be glad to adopt, but there is scarcely as yet a public for it. So too, *incunable* (p. 103) outruns usage; we still have to call this forerunner of type an "incunabulum." "Solidary with the Company" (p. 157) is an effort to say in a dignified manner, "in the same boat with," but it is scarcely English. These, however, are all very slight blemishes in a book which one reads with an uniform pleasure, and from which one derives a constant enlightenment.

C. K. J.

ON A CERTAIN CRITIC.*

Rarely can genuine enthusiasm do harm to the cause in which it is demonstrated, but most assuredly one of those rare instances is shown in this "critical appreciation" of the work of Miss Amy Lowell. Burke said of a certain imitator of Johnson that his work had "all the contortions of the Sibyl—without the inspiration," and I am reminded again and again of that criticism in reading the work of certain "imagists" and "vers librists." Some of the work of Miss Amy Lowell is marked with imaginative freshness and good phrasing, but much of it, judging merely by the "samples" cited by Mr. Bryher, is merely pretentious "tosh." My theme, however, is not Miss Lowell's poetry but a "critical appreciation" of her by one who appears to regard verbiage as criticism and fulsome flattery as appreciation.

Until he happened upon the work of Miss Lowell American literature was to Mr. Bryher "a Polar waste *lit*, at best, with the sparse and mediocre *echoes* of English writers"; when, however, he did happen upon Miss Lowell's work he found in it "a *welded root* of strength and richness"; and he found in it, furthermore, "the *seed* of innumerable *impressions wove* into an intricate *honeycomb* of translucent *gold*." Mr. Bryher, and that more than once, is "dumbed with admiration" of his theme; I was so "dumbed" with astonishment that I must permit one or two of his utterances to speak for the whole. He says of Miss Lowell's poem, "On a Certain Critic," that he is not sure that "it is not her finest achievement. Nothing more passionate exists for me in the whole of literature. To read the poem is to be burnt with flame." And the poem includes these lines:

> "Diana,
> High, distant Goddess,
> I kiss the needles of this furze bush
> Because your feet have trodden it."

If Miss Lowell possess the "delicate humour" her critic credits her with, it may be anticipated that she will write a second poem "On a Certain Critic."

W. J.

DE SCRIBENDO NAVALE.†

Here are four vessels launched upon the tides, and although after sailing in each of them one has one's preferences, yet I hope they will all four have prosperous careers. They are all very comfortable boats for a landsman to sail in. Some of them are for the landsman who happens to like literature; but it is no disparagement for Mr. Ferraby's book to say that his wares are not for that market. His arrangement in historical sequence of the various stages of the Imperial Navy, especially in so far as Australia, New Zealand and Canada are concerned, is thoroughly useful. He does not attempt to interest us by any vivid touches, except perhaps when he recalls the humorous exploit of the *Emden* at the Island of Diego Garcia. Mr. Ferraby deals in facts and is a trustworthy exponent of a great movement. "With the R.N.R." is written by a gentleman who left his accountant's chair for the cabin of a paymaster. Unlike most naval books of this kind, it tells a connected story and there is no reason to suppose that any of it is fiction. The beautiful steam yacht converted into an armed auxiliary has her full share of adventure, happy and unhappy. Admiral Forsyth who is given the command of this boat, the *Utopia*, is a magnificent old sea-dog, a humorous disciplinarian, a wise man and a hero, under whom it must have been a great privilege to serve. And if this portrait is

* "Amy Lowell: A Critical Appreciation." By W. Bryher. 2s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

† "Naval Intelligence." By the Author of "In the Northern Mists." 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Navy in Mesopotamia." By "Conrad Cato." 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"With the R. N. R." By "Windlass." 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Imperial British Navy." By H. C. Ferraby. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

ABOUT "PELMANISM."

By SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D., Editor of the *British Weekly*.

I HOPE there is no need for me to apologise for my reluctance, as an editor, to comment upon anything which is the subject of advertisement in these pages.* It may be, in some degree, a conventional prejudice, but there is a good deal to be said in defence of it.

But I am frequently receiving inquiries about "Pelmanism," and, in view of the growing public interest in this movement, I have decided to set down briefly the conclusions which I have arrived at from a careful weighing of the evidence, both internal and external.

In the public interest, it is obviously important to know whether the far-reaching claims made on behalf of Pelmanism are, or are not, justified. If true, then the movement presents boundless possibilities in the direction of progress, both for the individual and for the nation. And I may as well say at once that the available evidence disposes me strongly to this view.

Some twenty years ago I first met the founder of the Institute, Mr. W. J. Ennever, and listened with profound interest to what he had to say of the Pelman system. If I mistake not, it was at that time simply a memory-training system. It interested me intensely, because it carried out a thought that was often present in my mind—the thought that people might be divided into two classes—those whose education was terminated with their schooldays, and those who kept on educating themselves. I find in Elinor Mordaunt's new novel, "The Pendulum," an exact definition of what I mean. She says: "It is significant of Michael's character that while poor Tim's education, such as it was, came to an end the day he left school, it was only then that the younger brother's really began." Also I remembered Samuel Butler's picture of an ideal commonwealth, in which the proved neglect of a man to admit a new idea into his mind for ten years was treated as a crime.

That "Pelmanism" should have been received at first with a certain amount of scepticism is, on the whole, natural and understandable. Great innovations call for an attitude of cautious reserve: one does not like to risk being stampeded into action. It is more than disappointing to find that one has been caught in the swirl of a passing craze.

Sufficient time has, however, elapsed to furnish us with trustworthy data to arrive at a proper estimate of the worth of "Pelmanism." Its case no longer rests merely upon the assertions of its founders; it stands upon the more substantial ground of *things done*. It is the accomplished result which must, in the end, be the criterion of value. Theory is one thing: practical attainment is another. "Pelmanism" is vindicated handsomely, in my view, by the astonishing record of its performances.

And these performances are recorded, not by the Pelman Institute itself, but by those who have taken a Pelman course, and have applied its principles to their own personal needs. Moreover, much of this evidence (as I shall presently show) is incidental—*i.e.*, it is not addressed to the Pelman Institute, and is communicated independently of the Institute.

Readers of the *British Weekly* are tolerably familiar with the name and work of the Pelman Institute. Long before it achieved its present distinction, the Pelman Institute's announcements appeared in these pages. Then, as I have said, it was merely a memory-training system. But the intervening years have fostered large developments. The system has broadened its channels. The Institute has gathered the fruit of experience. "Pelmanism" no longer confines its efforts to the training of one faculty of the human mind: it aims at the scientific development and strengthening of *all* of our mental powers—what we call psycho-synthesis.

"Development and increase by discipline and exercise" may be taken as the foundation-principle of "Pelmanism." Psychologists are agreed that the principle is thoroughly sound and scientific: results show that it is inherently practical and fruitful. Common sense also agrees that the principle is essentially right, for we well know that upon regular use or exercise depends the efficiency of every organ, limb, and muscle of our organisation.

Strength is promoted by activity: disuse results in atrophy. Nature is a utilitarian: she does not waste her gifts upon those who neglect them. Anatomists tell us that in our bodies are traces of organs which have practically vanished—forfeited by centuries of disuse. And the brain—the organ of mind—does not escape this general law. Used and exercised, it thrives and increases its powers, mental weakness and inefficiency being the consequence of a lack of due mental exercise.

These facts have long been recognised: but the moral has not been acted upon. Psychology as a science is by no means new: but it has hitherto held itself too much aloof from everyday life. Theoretical science and abstract principles do not interest the busy man whose work consumes the greater portion of his day. Hence, psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man, until the findings of the scientists were linked up with the facts of everyday life by "Pelmanism." "Pelmanism" makes available for practical purposes what the scientific investigator has discovered by years of patient laboratory search.

So much for the principles upon which the Pelman System is founded. What of its methods?

A professor of psychology recently remarked that whilst he was delighted with what he had seen of the work and the popularity of the Pelman Institute amongst all classes and the results attained, he could not comprehend how the public had been won from its former indifference to psychology; he said he supposed it was due to "advertising."

That was a hasty conclusion, and, I think, a wrong one. Clever and insistent advertising will doubtless do much to bring a thing into temporary prominence, and will always attract the unwary and the unthinking. But "Pelmanism" has now been prominent for a lengthy period, and it is, moreover, rapidly enlisting every section of the community. Members of the legal, medical and other professions are not notoriously amenable to "advertising," and the registers of the Pelman Institute contain the names of too many members of these professions—too many men with brilliant university records, and too many men and women of acknowledged standing in literary, educational and intellectual circles to allow it to be possible that "advertising" is the explanation.

No. The success which has attended "Pelmanism" can but be fairly attributed to the success of the attempt to clothe the dry bones of the *science* with the living flesh of everyday facts. The technology of the schools has been translated into the language of "real" life. It is this which makes "Pelmanism" appeal with equal force, but for various reasons, to the barrister and to the salesman—to the woman of fashion and to the worker—to the military leader and to the private—to the business man and to the student and the educationist. Men and women of every class and every age have at least this one need in common—the need for training the mind as systematically as the athlete trains his body. Modern life can be met with nothing less than a complete mental equipment. One's natural mentality is insufficient unless it is also efficient: and only training can make it efficient.

The Pelman Institute carries out its programme of training upon the basis of a strict analogy between physical and mental development. But the work goes much farther than training upon a common principle; the *individual* need of each student of the Course is the ultimate goal, and it is never lost sight of. Attention is focussed on helping men and women in their individual and special difficulties and on bringing out the best that is in each. "Interest" and "aim" are therefore treated as of paramount importance, as indeed they are, and in stopping that mental "drift" which is one of the diseases of the age, and in introducing definite purpose and direction into life and effort, the Pelman Institute is doing a work which it would be difficult to overpraise.

Many of the letters received by the Institute make it apparent that quite a large proportion of those enrolling are little prepared for the thoroughness with which Pelmanism compels a self-overhauling and a stocktaking of deficiencies and possibilities. Several writers express openly their astonishment at the new and wider outlook upon life which has resulted—and amongst these are men and women who have attained a considerable degree of success in their several vocations; showing that it is not only life's "failures" who are able to profit by the teachings of Pelmanism.

Of greater interest to me, however, is the testimony which has come privately, through various channels, into my hands. This I will deal with now.

(*Continued on page 159.*)

* *This article first appeared in the* BRITISH WEEKLY, *dated June 6th, 1918.*

not that of an imaginary person we trust that "Windlass" will some day be able to give us his name; whenever he appears, which is very frequently, that page is delightful and we are not so much grieved as proud of his tragic end. A number of "Windlass's" other shipmates are depicted; they seem to have been, on the whole, an eccentric body of men. But perhaps "Windlass" thinks that the description of so many people "in the round" would not be possible, and those to whom he can devote more of his attention, such as Marshall the lieutenant, stand before us as complete human beings. What makes this book valuable is that it shows us the New Navy; it would be unfair to complain that Ian Hay's chronicles of the New Army are done differently. Let us be grateful for what "Windlass" gives us—the trivialities, the fascinating story of the biscuit tins and the various abominations committed by the U-boats, which are most graphically told. It is to be hoped that the author will write another book dealing with the R.N.R. Some parts, the greater part, of this book make us anxious that he should write one—and he could—that would be wholly a delight. "Conrad Cato" has given us an excellent account of the amphibious campaign in Mesopotamia. Our memories are rather burdened with the appalling revelations of the Mesopotamia Inquiry, and it is good to have the other side of the picture presented also. The hospital ship or "maheilah" on p. 37 seems a very desirable sort of house-boat, and the proceedings which resulted in the discomfiture of the Turks, including the great bluff at Amarah, leave us on good terms with every one concerned. "Naval Intelligence" consists of an olla podrida of prose and verse, by a gentleman who from the ancient days before 1914 has been a naval chaplain. It is the sort of book which makes one wish for a long cruise in the author's company, and not merely because, as he tells us, a writer has to omit so much that he would like to say. However he touches on a miscellaneous collection of topics and really we close this book with a feeling that we ourselves are no longer the landsman who started writing this notice. Here you may find all manner of information, most pleasantly conveyed. In some of the stories there is the same charm as in those of the author's old shipmate Bartimæus and although the book is unequal, for the scattered verses might with no great loss be dropped overboard and some of the prose chapters do not set the Thames on fire, yet on account of the atmosphere of the whole book, the out-of-the-way knowledge, the independence of judgment, the great-heartedness and the modesty we would not have missed this volume for worlds.

H. B.

THE SITUATION IN SIBERIA.

Little authentic news has come from Siberia since the war began, though general statements regarding the dangers that lurk there have recently appeared with great frequency in the press. Mr. Coleman's narrative* of contemporary conditions in the Russian Far East will therefore be welcomed, in spite of the fact that it is but a slight sketch in American journalese.

The author tells us that when the Czar and his bureaucrats fell, Siberia was ruled by Nikolai L'vovitch Gondatti. He was "a native of Moscow." His parents were peasants of no importance. He was educated by a rich man, and "showed remarkable ability" at school. Beginning life "as a teacher under the employment of the Immigration Department," he soon won the favour of Stolypin. He rose rapidly in service until he was appointed Governor of Tomsk, and while acting in that capacity he "became noted for holding views of marked democratic tendency, and as a politician gained followers from the broad-minded standpoint with which he viewed local and national affairs."

In 1910 Gondatti was placed at the head of the "inter-departmental commission known as the Amur Expedition." Mr. Coleman says that this commission was created "to lay the foundations for a fight in the Far East against Japan." This "fight was to be a bloodless campaign, but was none the less carefully planned, nor was its importance to the Russians more negligible on that account." Stolypin—Gondatti's patron—had made up his mind "that the only way that Russia could offset the development of Japan in Manchuria and prevent Japan's commercial encroachment north to Harbin was to build up a solid Russian community in the Pri-Amur district." He believed that the "power of Russia in the Far North-East depended upon the success of Russia's colonisation schemes and projects for the development of that part of the world." No better man than Gondatti for making Siberia invulnerable to Japanese commercial penetration could have been chosen, for he was rabidly anti-Japanese. His report of the Amur Expedition covered "exhaustively and in detail practically every subject in which anyone interested in Siberia might wish to delve," and every opportunity to limit Japanese activity in Siberia and to incite the Russians settled there against the Japanese was seized with avidity.

In 1911 Gondatti became Governor-General. He tried his best to exclude alien (especially Chinese) immigrants, to stimulate wheat production by the imposition of a duty on imported wheat, and to deepen the Amur estuary. When the war broke out he had not succeeded in completing "the machinery for the exclusion of alien labour" nor had he been able to impose a duty on foreign wheat. But he had spent huge sums of money upon the deepening of the Tartar Straits. These schemes and his reactionary, haughty behaviour as Governor-General, had made him very unpopular. When the revolution spread to the Russian Far East he was arrested, and though the revolutionary authorities in Petrograd ordered his release, he was cast into the municipal jail and treated as "a common criminal." Later he was allowed to depart for the Russian capital, being compelled "to go on foot to the railway station, and all the way from the jail the people crowded the streets and jeered at the former Governor-General and heaped insults upon him." In summing up his career in Siberia Mr. Coleman relates:

> "Little good did Gondatti ever do in Siberia, but he left behind him a deep-rooted suspicion of the Japanese, and a well-fostered spirit of antagonism and dislike toward them. He frequently spoke publicly in an apprehensive vein of the results of the constant encroachments made by the Japanese upon the trade of the country."

No wonder that the author heard, wherever he went in the Russian Far East, that "the Japanese would come to Siberia aggressively some day." He says that Siberia is a country of rumour, and that "every day news would be spread, after the coming of the Russian Revolution, of Japanese troops having occupied Harbin or having been landed at Vladivostok." He adds that he was told by a Russian from Irkutsk that "his wife used the threat of a Japanese invasion to quieten the children."

Mr. Coleman went from Japan to Siberia and returned to Japan on his way to the United States of America—his native country. He found the Japanese by no means agreed upon the advisability of taking military action in the Russian Far East. He writes that the Japanese business men are more anxious to exploit the opportunities afforded by the war to capture markets, and to expand shipping, than to help the Allies to wage war. He adds that the Japanese business men fear that if, in their effort to help the Allies, they cut down the imports of raw materials and the export of manufactured goods and reduce their mercantile marine, they will be left in the lurch when the war ends and the scramble for trade begins—a scramble in which the Japanese industries will have no chance against the better organised European and American industries. Mr. Coleman asserts that the Japanese have been in the habit of making something out of the wars that they have waged, and he catalogues the gains that they made at the expense of China and Russia. On the last page of his book he writes that "if Russia cannot save Siberia from the Hun and Japan can do so,

* "Japan Moves North." By Frederick Coleman. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

Japan had best take on the job." The Japanese will surely appreciate the author's magnanimity in giving them that job. To tempt them he adds that "Japan stands to gain much from the day her columns march forth to war for the Allied cause." He explains that most of her gains "may be material," though some of them "may be moral and spiritual." This sort of talk may be popular with persons prejudiced against the Japanese. But I do not think it will kindle in the Japanese enthusiasm for the Allied cause.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

THE DOMINANT SEX.

The following extract strikes, I think, the key-note of each of these four novels under review.* It is taken from "The Savignys."

"Ah, Tony asthore," she said. . . . "What did you grow into a man for and behave in this scandalous fashion?"

"Your fault again," he said. "All your fault. It's women who make or mar men and the universe, and when we are brave enough to acknowledge that we will all learn better together. . . ."

I do not quarrel with this judgment in which it will be seen that both the hero and heroine concur: that is not my function; but it does seem to me remarkable that so many stories written nowadays are based on this assumption of the dominance of women over men—and not only men but the destiny of humankind. For it was not always so. Man was not always so abjectly the sport of women—in novels, anyway. The heroines of not so very long ago were mostly plastic clinging creatures to whom Byron's famous pronouncement most fitly applied. Love was to them their whole existence, whilst to men it was a thing apart. That the interrelation of the sexes should have undergone so sudden and drastic a change in so short a while may be due either to the circumstance that so many women are now doing men's work, or to the still more dismal fact that the flower of our manhood, being just now absent from our midst, only the very old, the very young, and the physically unfit are left to carry on the old tradition of masculine masterfulness. There is of course the alternative hypothesis that these present-day novelists may all be wrong and that men and women are still men and women.

However that may be it is certainly the Lady Lilian who, in "The Savignys," is mainly responsible for all that happens to her long-suffering offspring, relatives, friends, and other connections. She is one of those old-fashioned, outmoded dames, lacking alike in imagination, humour, common sense and common charity, whom everybody fears, defers to and obeys—with disastrous results. I have met her like in less aristocratic circles, and so I know that she exists—and I wish she didn't. On the other hand we are indebted to her, in this instance, for a very excellent novel in which interplay of character is expressed in telling incident to a running accompaniment of forcible and sometimes mordant, sometimes wholly delightful dialogue. One now and then feels a little dazed amid this clash of conflicting wills and stormy passions, but the narrative in itself is so well wrought and the people engaged in it so well presented that one is carried on to the happy ending in a whirl of increasing interest.

"Wastralls" is a book of quite another order, though this is not to depreciate the merits of "The Savignys." Only, in "The Savignys" one breathes a highly artificial atmosphere in which people and things are restricted and repressed by age-old customs and usages, whilst in "Wastralls" we are at once in the midst of simple, elemental

*"The Savignys." By G. B. Lancaster. 6s. net. Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Wastralls." By C. A. Dawson Scott. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Bells of Paradise." By Geoffrey Whitworth. 5s. net. (Melrose.)—"The Last Bout." By Rosamond Southey. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

ABOUT "PELMANISM."

(*Continued from page 157.*)

I have seen numerous letters from the leading Psychologists and Philosophers of the day, addressed to the Director of Instruction, fully supporting the position taken up by Pelmanism. . . . Years ago I knew of a brilliant student at Cambridge who had studied the System and received benefit from it. From the battle-fronts in France and Italy I have received many remarkable accounts of the practical value of Pelmanism to officers and men of our armies. A personal friend—he was a University Professor—who was out lecturing at the Front, found everywhere that the Pelman system was being discussed by officers. And I have been told that in several regiments practically every officer is a Pelmanist.

Such general testimony is, in itself, impressive, but it is when one reads in letters from various quarters details of "benefits received" that one begins to appreciate the good work that is being directed from Pelman House.

Here, for example, a Flying Officer tells in simple words what has resulted from his study of Pelmanism: "When I began the Pelman course," he writes, "I was a nervous wreck, owing to my machine catching fire in the air and crashing. I was so bad that I was awarded compensation for injuries by the Admiralty; yet I am so much better that on Thursday last I was passed 'fit for flying.' . . . Without the aid of the course to make me put my back into my efforts I doubt whether I should have succeeded."

A remarkable letter! Here is a man mentally and nervously shattered by an accident from which he was lucky to emerge living: and yet he has regained sufficient command over nerves and mind to become again eligible for the most exacting duties of this exacting war. And I am assured that this case is by no means unique.

The next letter is in a wholly different vein: it was written by a Naval Officer. I give but an extract: "Before starting a Pelman course I had always felt that there was something wanting—*an incompleteness of object and aim in life*, and all those things that go to make it up. A desire to find a solution was ever present. All these problems have now been solved for me by the training of the mind on the scientific lines of the Pelman teaching. There is the knowledge of how to attain the maximum mental efficiency. Such a mental training should precede ordinary studies. If students were equipped with faculties of this order, to what degree of perfection might they not attain!"

The words which I have italicised represent a need which is often vaguely felt without being realised. We do not often enough ask ourselves, "What is *my* purpose in life; and am I worthily serving that purpose?"

It is not sufficient to exist; Life implies accomplishment, and accomplishment necessitates intelligent and sustained effort. What the nature of our accomplishment may be matters little so long as it is a worthy accomplishment. The point is that we cannot justify ourselves as human beings unless we fill some niche in the universal scheme of things, and it is because Pelmanism is so manifestly helping thousands of men and women to recognise this, and inspiring them to appropriate action that I have departed from the usual practice in regard to Pelmanism. I again affirm my strongly held conviction that it will prove to be an important factor in that re-birth of civilisation which we hope to see.

The old world has passed away. We are still in chaos, but we know the coming of a new era is at hand. To fit ourselves for worthy life in that new world we need new ideals, new courage, and new strength, and the sources of these will be found in "the little grey books" in abundance by the diligent student of Pelmanism.

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A full description of the Pelman Course, with a complete synopsis of the lessons, is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with *Truth's* special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of THE BOOKMAN who send a post card to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

things and those cruder folk of the countryside who reck nothing of the arbitrary limitations and reticences of a subtler convention. The theme of the story is thus more naturally and profoundly tragic, though its treatment is never unduly sombre or depressing, and there is much relief to be found in the good talk of some of the minor characters. Here again, however, we have one woman, Sabina, dominating the story, as she dominates all those with whom she comes in contact. She is crippled by an accident, but her will still prevails. She dies midway through the book, but her spirit lives on. And both before and after her accident, both before and after her death, the other chief protagonist, her husband, is sullenly, rebelliously subject to her, so that though in her way she loves him and is as tender and gentle with him as her nature permits, he grows to hate her. What happens then I may not tell you nor will you guess until the end is near, for the plot is one of the most original and its *dénouement* a very triumph of the unlooked-for inevitable. A book to be read not lightly or casually: hardly a holiday book; but still a book to be bought and cherished by all admirers of strong, naturalistic fiction.

In "The Bells of Paradise" there are two heroines, both of whom the hero, Robin West, loves in varying fashion. And one of them loves him in the old-fashioned way, fondly, unquestioningly; the other—until she repents—in the more calmly dispassionate, analytical style of the modern maiden who prefers marriage without children—and says so. Once more, you see, the dominant woman. Robin is woefully torn between the two girls and experiences many emotional vicissitudes in consequence. He has also to earn his living, and seems in the way of making a fortune by writing scenarios for the cinematograph until he gets sick of it and throws it up to act as a secretary to a sort of Advanced Women's Society. The story is coherent enough, and quite interesting. There is some good writing in it, and generally speaking a binding aim and purpose. And yet, as a whole, it does not somehow grip the attention; on the contrary it bores one a little here and there, is even a little exasperating. Or is that my fault? One instinctively shrinks from disparaging what is after all a book well up to the standard of the average novel and indeed shows evidences of great promise in a writer who may be strong enough to stand a little kindly criticism and young enough to benefit by it.

In "The Last Bout" the two chief women characters are so extremely virile and up to date that they bear the masculine names of Tony and Cecil. This is a rousing story of a rather commonplace type, having a great deal to do with the war as it was originally waged in Northern France but more particularly on the Austro-Italian frontier. It is packed with sensational adventure, intrigue, battle, murder and sudden death. Of its kind it is a very good specimen. It is the sort of book (as the phrase goes) to take you out of yourself. Yet it is something more, in that it does give one pictures of authentic scenes and happenings both in and behind the firing-line that seem very real and likely and are at any rate thrilling. There is the roar and reek and smoke of battle, sword-play and word-play, to say nothing of love, on almost every page—and again a happy ending. To those especially who would provide against a rainy day at the seaside "The Last Bout" is most heartily to be commended.

EDWIN PUGH.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.*

A cluster of books upon women's work in the war is a natural, and welcome, sign of our times: we are glad to know and realise more fully the magnitude of women's effort. Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "Women and Soldiers" is not only an informing guide in this regard, but a smart and bracing little satire that women will read with avidity, and men with a chuckle here and there at its sly and humorous exposure of themselves. For to wade through the early stages of the war, as we did, stolidly refusing every offer of help from women, was in effect to invite a *rafale* of machine-gun fire. We are here sprayed upon accordingly with all the author's wit and *espièglerie*. Bigwigs and Brass-hats are peppered with the rest of us, and much sprightly comedy comes of the process. But the main motive of the book is of another colour; for "Women and Soldiers" is an eloquent appeal for the fair and equal treatment of a sex which, even now, has much to complain of. With insight and tenderness Mrs. Tweedie champions the cause of the overstrained munition girl, with her twelve-hour shifts by night or day; of the stressed and harassed housewife-mother, and especially of the underpaid woman who, taking over a man's job in its entirety, is salaried with half his wage. Thrift, order, economy are strongly inculcated, as also practically illustrated by a thoughtful chapter on Co-operative Homes. Through these, it is demonstrated, lies the solution of the difficult problem of combining home joys and privacy with reduction of domestic expenses. As to the post-bellum difficulties, a nightmare to some of us, the author sheds upon that bristling complex of "ifs" and "hows" the light of many interesting suggestions. Her conclusion is cheery: that, "human nature being mighty adaptable, we shall finally settle down all the better for our shaking." Briefly, the work is an illuminative study of our position both present and to come.

The aim of the author of "The Woman's Part" is clearly to give us the very atmosphere and breathing reality of the woman-staffed workshop. We follow the beginner from her first impulse, largely patriotic, to her initial course at a Training Centre, and so to her actual work on the machine in an Industrial Factory. Young girl or grey-headed woman, her success will hinge not upon class or education, but mainly upon personality, and from these pages one gets a close view of the serried difficulties she must overcome. The perfected shell takes a deal of nice construction; the fuze is a bewildering tangle of delicate adjustments. The aircraft, from its wings of fine Irish linen to the welding of its joints by oxy-acetylene process, taxes its maker to the utmost. Especially interesting are the studies of women at work upon the aeroplane and in the shipyards. All the plans for her comfort and safety—well may these be thorough and deeply considered, seeing that women comprise one-third of our two million munitioners—are fully set forth. The illustrations well supplement the text, the perusal of which deepens our pride in our countrywomen. Part I. of Mrs. Usborne's "Women's Work in War Time" enumerates nearly fifty professions and callings open to women, their probable rate of pay, training needed, hours of work, etc., and the places where she must apply for employment; thus reviewing her field of selection and pointing out the track she must follow when her choice is made. In the second part are many useful and competent essays. Mr. Crawford emphasises the responsibility of the university woman, her duty of training the coming army of her sex, with the need of better equipped science teachers in secondary schools. There is always scope for the woman with a good science degree. But employers must keep a closer eye upon the product of our universities, parents upon the life-career of their girls. Miss Zimmern effectively handles the vital question of the Civil Service: Miss Gladys Pott gives practical hints upon women's agricultural work, Miss A. M. Mack on welfare work in munition factories. There are other papers well worthy of study; upon Red Cross and V. A. D. work by Mr. J. Halford; on men and women of the future, by Mr. S. A. Swift, the outlook of women in clerical work by Miss Ruth Young. The book will be invaluable to aspirants for employment.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

* "Women and Soldiers." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"The Woman's Part." By L. K. Yates. 1s. 3d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Women's Work in War Time." By H. M. Usborne. 1s. 3d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Novel Notes.

THE SHEEPFOLD; The Story of a Shepherdess, Her Sheep, and How She Lost Them. By Laurence Housman. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

It is an absorbing story that Mr. Housman has set forth in this record of the life of Jane Mattock. Curiously his heroine, to employ the conventional word, is suggestive of another Jane; she who was sung by Meredith—

> "It is a lily light she bears
> For England up the altar stairs."

Daughter of a blacksmith who died while she was a young child, Jane was brought up in the shadow of a chapel of the Primitive Brethren, and developed something of a simple natural theology of her own from the earliest, and this carries her through a series of amazing experiences—by which she consistently refuses to be mazed—up to her death in 1884 at the age of sixty-four. It is not necessary to detail those experiences; suffice it to say that they include such as are frequently glozed over in fiction. Mr. Housman's method, however, is neither that of the unpleasant "realist," nor of the writer who glozes over certain episodes which he finds necessary to his story; rather is his method natural, natural as that of Jane herself in her unsophisticated simplicity. It is a strangely powerful and even fascinating presentation of a remarkable character; Jane has been realised by the author with great clarity, and he has been able to convey the realisation to his readers. If not very likely to prove a "popular" book "The Sheepfold" is one that is far less likely to be forgotten by those who do read it.

PETROL PATROLS. By John S. Margerison. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

HUNTERS OF THE U-BOAT. By John S. Margerison. 1s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

Ask Temporary Lieutenant Roderick Frazer, R.N.V.R., why the dickens he wants to get back to that uncomfortable motor-boat of his a week before his well-earned leave is up, and he will reply: "Well, I don't know. It's a rotten life; look at these hands—they used to be soft and white; now a coal-miner would be disgusted by their horniness. Look at this chafe on my neck; that comes of wearing a sodden oilskin when the spray comes over the bows in bucketfuls; we usually wear dry clothes for just so long as it takes the sea to soak through a change of raiment, and as a rule when at sea we have to bale like demons to keep the dear old hooker from filling and foundering. But, man alive! we like it—like it even better than those fair days when we sliced through the roads at Cowes for silver cups and shields and trophies and bits of coloured bunting half the world would give their ears to sport; like it better than all the games we ever knew—war's the greatest game of all!" Offer him a D.S.C. and he'll out with: "D.S.C. be hanged! I don't want bally rewards for playing the game." It is this tonic spirit that makes these lively yarns of Mr. Margerison's such bracing and rejuvenating reading. "Petrol Patrols" follows the career of Frazer's racing motor-boat *Chi-Chi* among the submarines and the minefields and in the hidden waterways of Flanders, where armoured trains and sausage balloons fall victims to the prowess of *Chi-Chi's* commander and his pukka Navy gunlayer, whose good shooting more than compensates for his bad language. In "Hunters of the U-Boat," a collection of eight capital stories, divers craft appear in new and wondrous guise and "do their bit" with the Nelson touch. Particularly entertaining is the tale of the *Southbeach Belle*, a flat-bottomed, elderly paddle steamer, whose war-time duty consists in blowing up torpedoed liners and the like, and whose saloon is stacked with high explosives for that purpose. Emphatically, these two volumes should find a place on the shelves of all who enjoy reading and re-reading a racy, topical sea story.

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Mr. ALEX. H. COPEMAN, Publisher and Bookseller, of London and Cheltenham, informs us he has acquired the world rights in the Works of (Mrs.) FRANCES GURNEY. Her new book, "The Teaching of the Gnostics" (published at 3/6 and offered at 2/-), is doing very well. Her other books are "The Cosmic Procession" (3/6 net), "The Bar of Isis," and the "League of Isis" Booklets, and can all be obtained direct from Alex. H. Copeman's Bookshops and Bookrooms (Est. 1861), 16, Clarence St., Cheltenham Spa, Eng., or from all Booksellers and Bookstalls throughout the U.K. The first two will be sent post free for 3/10 each, the "League of Isis" series for 6d. and 8d. each. Enclose P.O. or stamps when ordering.

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KINGS-AT-ARMS. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is quite a relief to read this story in which there are real live battles instead of scientific slaughter. In the days of Karl XII.—whom the touch of Ithuriel's spear would surely have revealed as a mule masquerading in human guise—there were no bombs dropped from the skies, no aeroplanes to drop them, no inventions to breathe out gas, to squirt out fire. Happy times: the golden age of warfare when man went out to kill brother man in a fair give-and-take way, and each combatant had a sporting chance. Should anyone doubt the existence in the past of this paradisaical method of fighting, let him read Miss Bowen's book in which Peter the Great and Karl the Obstinate think in kingdoms and not in continents. The best scene in the book is that between Karl and Viktoria von Falkenberg, and it is a pity that so capable a lady is afforded so small a space for the exercise of her mother-wit. Anyhow Viktoria not being available later on in the tale as a possible heroine, Aurora von Konigsmarck comes on the scene as an understudy. With her weak lover Augustus she represents the smart set of those days. Her curt interview with Karl, in which Eve's apple is for once rejected, could not be better done. All the characters in the book are rendered—possibly purposely—subsidiary to Karl, on whom Miss Bowen concentrates her attention. With him she has succeeded very well. Karl was an over-accentuated Sir Galahad, so aggressively chaste that he turned that scarce male virtue into a vice. He was entirely out of place in the petticoated era of Louis XIV., and Miss Bowen conveys very strongly his aloofness to the age in which he had the misfortune to be born. The description of his icy pig-headedness in Turkey is excellent, and the final paragraph of the book shows that Miss Bowen possesses the true dramatic instinct. Another sentence, another word would have spoiled the conclusion, which, like Karl himself, is cold and pitiless and terse. Every one will find this novel interesting—with such a hero it could hardly fail to be.

THE GREAT GAME. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Great Game" is one galaxy of dukes and such dazzling people. The hero is the young de Gerson who comes from Provence to Paris just in time to further the interests of the Marquis de Louvois, Minister of War to Louis the Fourteenth, who aspires to govern France through the person of a weakling king. In order to attain his ends it is necessary for Louvois to discredit the Minister of Finance who, like most Ministers of Finance of that period, was not averse to imposing certain additional burdens of taxation upon a long-suffering people, the revenue from which invariably found its way into the private purse of the minister, and not into the coffers of the State. Louvois, eager to find a tool who will bring about the downfall of the Minister of Finance, plots a cold-blooded murder and fastens the crime upon the innocent de Gerson, who in order to escape the guillotine agrees to go to Auvergne—where public ill-feeling is at its highest—in order to get evidence that will discredit the Minister of Finance in the King's eyes. It would be unfair to divulge all that happened to de Gerson in Auvergne. There is adventure, love and the many elements that make for romance. Mr. Drummond writes well and knows how to rivet the reader's attention. There is not a dull page in the whole book, and the plot develops smoothly and absorbingly from chapter to chapter.

THE LAWS OF CHANCE. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Not the least attraction in Miss F. E. Mills Young's novel is the fact that it is a post-war story, and through its pages we are able to glimpse the happier future that may some day come to us. Above and beyond that it is a good story, revolving round characters that are drawn with uncommon skill and insight. David Curtis, having taken his part in the great war, without distinction, goes for a trip to South Africa and en route encounters a beautiful, capricious girl who utterly enslaves him. Their social difference is the barrier between them—and ultimately they part. Curtis comes into possession of the key to enormous, ill-gotten wealth in England, but a curse seems to follow his acquisition, and to save his life he is forced to lie low at an isolated farm-house on the veldt. There he meets with many adventures, romantic and otherwise, and only when he realises the wealth he has gained is dross and casts away all means of claiming it, he finds a greater, more lasting wealth and is glad the laws of Chance intervened to save him from himself. The plot is new and deftly handled, fresh both in setting and development, and the story takes an early hold on the reader's interest and never loses it.

KAREN. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. net. (Collins.)

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has achieved a notable triumph in her latest book "Karen." It is a war-story, and it is so fresh and original in plot and treatment that it holds one's attention with an intensity that grows with every chapter. Karen is an English girl who marries a German officer a short time before war is declared. Her life in Germany before and after war begins, and the various types of Germans she meets are realistically described by Mrs. Sidgwick in a broad-minded and sympathetic manner. The story is told in the first person by Karen herself: and her wit, her spirit, and her charm make her a worthy central figure for this distinguished novel.

THE PENDULUM. By Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Cassell.)

"Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear!" Michael Saerl has many vicissitudes which answer to the motto of the book, but he is too human to be a pendulum. What moves him, and often moves him with agitation, is a conflict between two tendencies. His father, in a London slum, is the heir to an old Irish property; the blood of the race is in Michael. But he grows up to be a Labour leader, here and in Australia, and the antagonism of the two forces is sharpened by a love interest, for Michael is in love with a daughter of the aristocrats. Such is the romance which Miss Mordaunt has set herself to describe. The interest of it lies not in the theme but in the vivid, varied picture of London life. The struggling family, the factory, the West End drawing-room, all furnish the novelist with good material. It would be unfair to say how far the treatment resembles that of "The Wages of Sin," except that "The Pendulum" does not show its hero in the mud. Michael is a clean, straight soul, though he is torn with his different duties and interests. But the reviewer can say this honestly, that the novel shows grasp and freshness. Miss Mordaunt knows too much of life and of her craft to be satisfied with the obvious solutions of the problem. She has put thought into this novel. Michael's sisters and mother and Sally and old Mrs. Delaney are living figures. And they live, because they are drawn with insight. It is not a short novel, but it is not one that is readily laid down until the last page is reached.

THE MADGWICK AFFAIR. By David Whitelaw. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Impersonation stories have a fascination of their own, and the more audacious the impersonation the greater the fascination. Mr. David Whitelaw's new novel adds a remarkable canvas to this section of the rogues' gallery. When Mr. Henry Fullarton stepped into the shoes of the man he had murdered, introducing himself to the world in general and to the murdered man's solicitor in particular as Stephen Madgwick, he should have kept to his original idea of turning into hard cash the Madgwick securities and vanishing as suddenly as he had appeared. His first big surprise comes when he finds that in taking over Madgwick's picturesque Sussex estate he has to take charge also of a charming young ward. Add to this an atmosphere of blackmail and the disconcerting fact that living in the neighbourhood as the wife of a respected doctor is the

wife Madgwick abandoned twenty years ago, and it will be seen that Henry Fullarton is skating on very thin ice indeed. The manner in which the ice breaks and the mystery surrounding the person responsible for the fracture make the subject of as absorbing and dramatic a story as Mr. Whitelaw has yet given us.

The Bookman's Table.

THE DARTMOOR WINDOW AGAIN. By Beatrice Chase. With illustrations. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

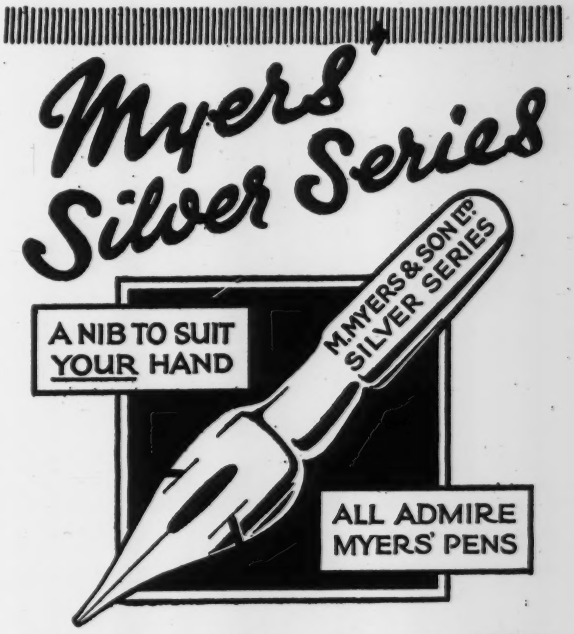
"There are two hundred tors on Dartmoor, and no two alike," says Miss Beatrice Chase. Alas, there are more books on Dartmoor than there are tors; but, for our comfort, there are no two alike. Miss Chase's "Dartmoor Window," for instance, has entirely its own outlook upon life in the moorland village, and her pen has the personal touch which turns readers into friends. Those who met Mr. Blue-jacket in the earlier volume will be delighted to meet that treasure of a man again in these pages. His portrait forms the frontispiece, and himself and his doings fill by no means the dullest chapter. The postman, the banker, the farmer, the villagers and the children—they are here, so to speak, in their everyday clothes; and Dartmoor itself is here in her everyday clothes, too. Miss Chase has some wise words to say on cottages, and on the delight of contributing homes for the people of the land. To build or rebuild a cottage for a workman and his family is "one of the greatest joys in life." "There is no natural gift so precious to give as a home. They pay immeasurable riches every day of the year to anyone with a human heart." Lovers of the first "Dartmoor Window" book will gladly welcome this friendly second volume.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH MUSIC. By Percy A. Scholes. 2s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

Whoever loves music (and surely those who do not appreciate it in some form or other are few and far between) will be glad to welcome this sensible, unpretentious little book on the "History of British Music." It should give those of us who dislike hearing it said that the British are an unmusical race, a new respect for our nation's ear. In his introductory pages the author says, "The idea that 'art,' and particularly musical art, is a pleasant hobby for a little body of enthusiasts is common and dangerous. It has done harm everywhere, and nowhere more than amongst us Britons." The author makes out a good case for the "naturalness of art," and widens the meaning and scope of the word to a refreshing degree. His remarks on Grand Opera are interesting: "Grand Opera has never meant very much to the British people. Perhaps they are not an operatically-minded people. Bantock does not attempt opera because it is so obviously a convention—an artificial combination of various means of expression. Elgar does not attempt it because he has never found a good libretto. Possibly sturdy British common sense supports these British composers. Grand Opera is dramatically foolish, and libretti are rarely or never literature. Also opera is very expensive, and in countries where it flourishes, taxes and rates are spent on it which we spend on better sanitation than any of those countries has even thought of." The book, though short, covers a wide range, and it is written throughout in a straightforward and interesting manner that should appeal to the general public.

THE SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN. By Pamela Glenconnor. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

In the far-away days of the Peace children were so little valued that perhaps the War was necessary: but still there were many men and women wise enough to know that the children were the most precious things on earth and that in their early years their minds were as a fair open book bearing the superscription of God. Of



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these wise people the compiler of this book was happy enough to be one. "Here are my jewels!" she says proudly and presents us the quaint and memorable sayings of the children in their wise babyhood. One of these children has already grown to the heights of sacrifice and been accepted. The frontispiece of the book is a picture of these delicious child-faces, the One, Two, Three of the book. The sayings are set against a background of the country green, gardens and the sea, caravanning through woods and over moors; and the life of the children irradiated by love, grew quickly amid fresh and wholesome things—"a green thought in a green shade." Children are stimulated by love as a plant by the sun, and some of these sayings are very wise and delightful, so many of them that one cannot quote within a brief space. To all mothers and lovers of children this beautiful book is commended.

WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA. By Yvonne Fitzroy. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

It is quite likely that some people, on hearing that a number of nurses were leaving these islands for Roumania, deprecated such a lengthy picnic in war time; for there are people who are certain that the conduct of some nurses during the South African war is invariably adopted by those who go far afield. We have had the tragic tale of the Scottish nurses in Serbia and now Miss Fitzroy puts before us the really thrilling story of what occurred on the Roumanian front. Her book is in the form of a diary, beginning at Liverpool and ending at Aberdeen. She gives us a perfectly unvarnished account of what happened: it is interesting, ghastly, pathetic and laughable. We have all heard of Dr. Elsie Inglis, to whose memory this book is dedicated—here we have some memorable glimpses of this heroic lady. The various migrations of the hospital when the Roumanians were in retreat, the appalling conditions which did not baffle these nurses, the vivid pen-pictures of that retreat when "men, at the cry that the Bulgars were coming . . . would even in their terror fling their own babies down on the roadside when these hampered them," the Russian nurses who, at any rate, were beautiful, the melted snow and the reeds which in bitterly cold weather at Reni had to take the place of water and wood, the Russian soldier who announced from the stage of a theatre that his regiment might return to the trenches if subscriptions were forthcoming—and so on and so on. But the impression left by the whole book is one that surely will remain with many Russian, Serbian and Roumanian soldiers long after the war, who will remember with wondering gratitude the ladies of the Scottish Hospital, the "Schottlandski Lazaret."

A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. By L. V. Hodgkin. 10s. 6d. net. (Foulis.)

And as it is said in a talk on the subject which serves the purpose of a preface more pleasantly than is the way of prefaces, it is a book about people who did not happen to know that they were saints at all. But, after all, that is the manner born of the very real sanctity. It is a delightful book in its typical grey cover and with F. Cayley-Robinson's sub-tinctured pictures, so quiet that one scarcely realises that they are coloured at all. As the stories are said to be intended for children "of various ages" but are for every one who is alive to the spirit of inward beauty, and as its quaker element is a breathing of the Christ-Spirit, in its own way it is a catholic book about saints, though its personalities, in so far as they are historical, belonged to the Society of Friends. They are retold, expanded and so forth from the Journal of George Fox, from the Life of James Parnell, from the Voyage of Robert Fowler, and sources similar to these—perhaps above all the Autobiography of Stephen Grellet. There is nothing in the wide world which is quite among religious experiences like "Preaching to Nobody," from the memorial last mentioned. A voice had come to Grellet and sent him into the backwoods of America, that he might preach to "lonely men." But in the "windless silence" of the forest he found only a deserted shanty, but because he must obey "the invisible Friend" he preached there. It was long years after in London that he learned how his message had travelled with a concealed listener and had not only reached a thousand but done the work of life among them. I suppose that "Fierce Feathers," which is a story of Robert Nesbit, counts next in this collection because of its living message to this day of ours—its message on the power of love over the power of hate. Had it been that we were a nation in that kind of love these four years ago I question whether there could have been any war in the world. Read and see.

FANCY FREE. By Helen Taylor. 1s. 3d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Fancy Free" is a charming little book of lyrics, full of dainty thoughts, and full of melody. Miss Helen Taylor's ear for rhythm is uncommonly good, and though there is not quite sufficient variety in subject matter in the book, yet each lyric is a pleasure in itself to read. Here is one to make the feet start tapping:

HAYMAKER'S DANCE.

"Gay gallants, I pray you take leave of the town
And taste of the countrymen's pleasure,
In haymaking time, with the sun shining down,
We'll tread you a Midsummer measure.
Away, then, away! the fiddles do play,
Each lad is as brown as a berry,
Come frolic along with a laugh and a song,
And let us all dance and be merry!

"Sir Lovel shall foot it with Meg of the Mill,
And Robin shall dance with my Lady,
And of good cakes and ale we shall feast with a will,
All under the branches so shady.
Away, then, away! the fiddles do play,
Each lass is as fair as a cherry,
Come, swing her along with a laugh and a song,
And let us all dance and be merry!"

REMINISCENCES AND REFLEXIONS OF A MID AND LATE VICTORIAN. By Ernest Belfort Bax. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Victorian" has come to be used adjectively as denoting narrowness of outlook and dinginess of surroundings, and that more especially when prefixed with mid. Yet the Victorian age, as Mr. Asquith has lately pointed out, was in many respects one of the great ages of Britain. Mr. Belfort Bax, who has been happily moved to the writing of his reminiscences, boldly dubs himself a mid and late Victorian, but if he is rightly described thus, having been born in 1854, he can by no means be described as typically mid-Victorian, for he was early a rebel against the intellectual rule of his time. His book is by no means a conventional volume of reminiscences, but possesses much more of unity than is commonly found in a class of work generally characterised by discursiveness and anecdote. Possibly some readers, like certain of the author's friends, may think that Mr. Bax has, to use his own phrase, damped down the personal note overmuch, but most will agree that despite his having done so he has written a deeply interesting study of the thought which permeates and persists if he has refrained from presenting any mere chronicle of such things said and things done as pass and perish, though their recording frequently provides very entertaining matter. Of the growth of Socialism and of the personalities of some of its leading protagonists, British and Continental, he has much to tell us and he tells it with a sincerity and an earnestness which, maybe, are part of his inheritance from the Evangelicism that he strongly depicts in his opening chapter. It is indeed an interesting and a stimulating book, and one which will have its lasting value as the presentation of some aspects of a period as they appeared to one who is a strong and independent thinker. Even those who are opposed to the author's views as a Socialist, and those who may be wholly out of sympathy with his anti-Feminist attitude will find his reminiscences a valuable contribution to the full understanding of the intellectual life of the past half-century.

XUM

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